

NOVEMBER

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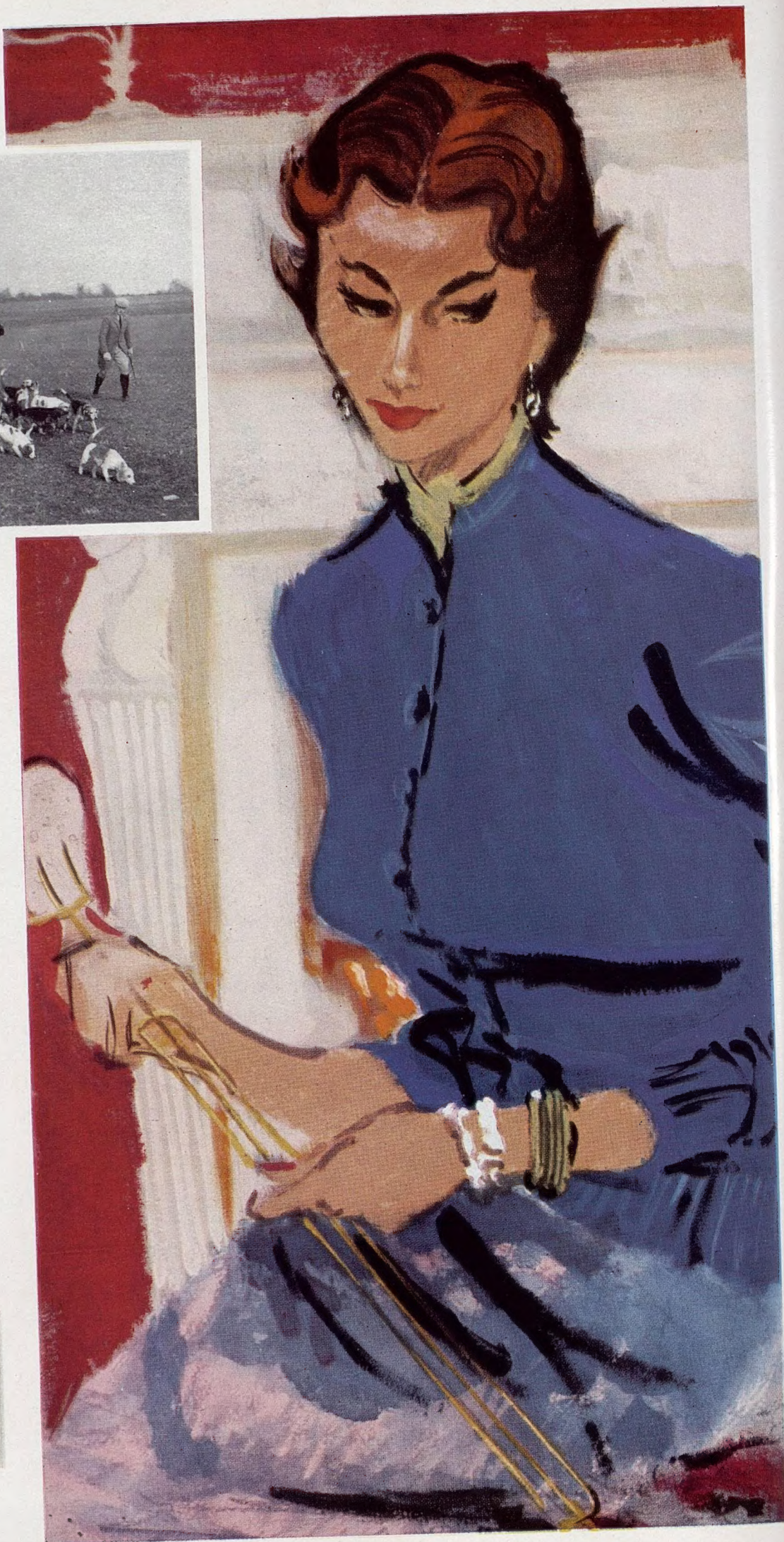
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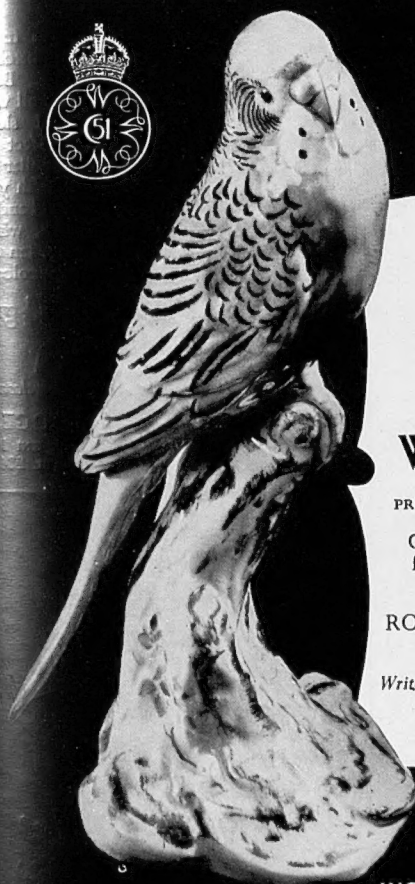


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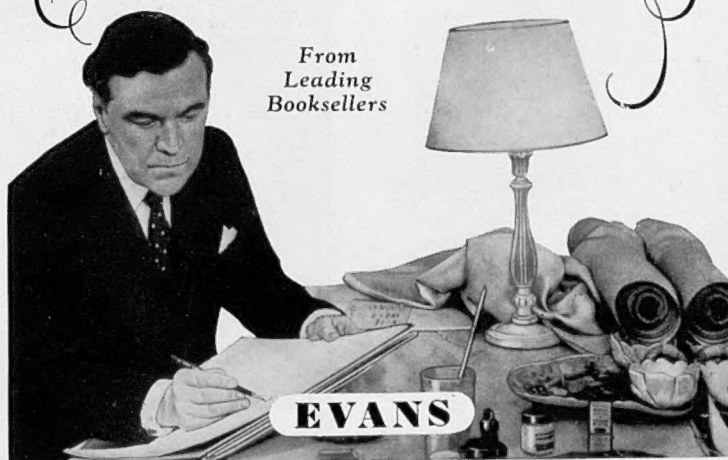
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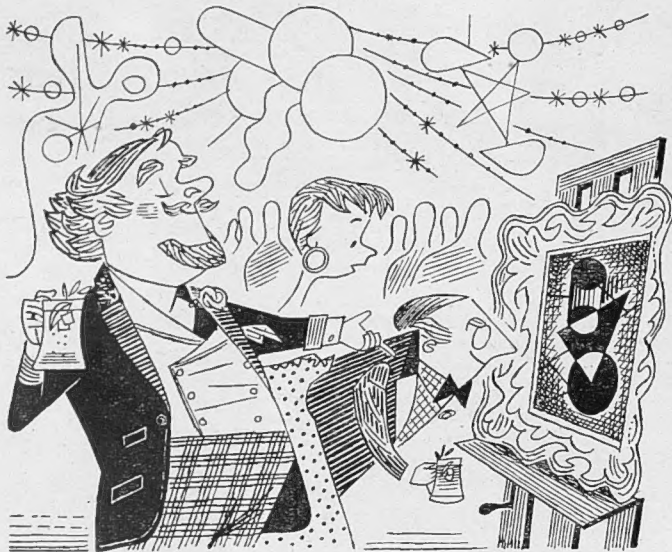
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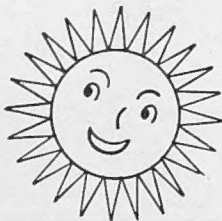
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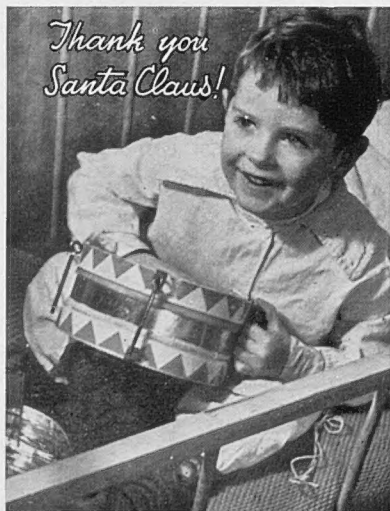
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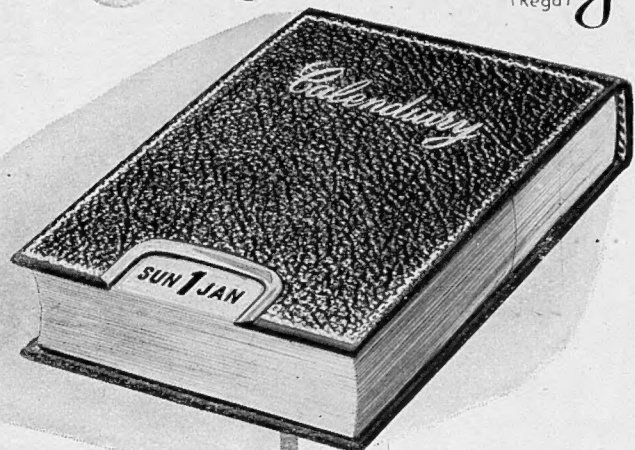
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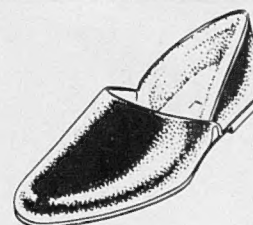
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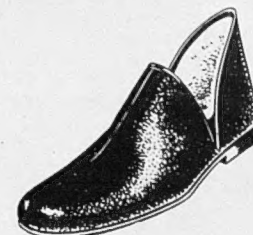


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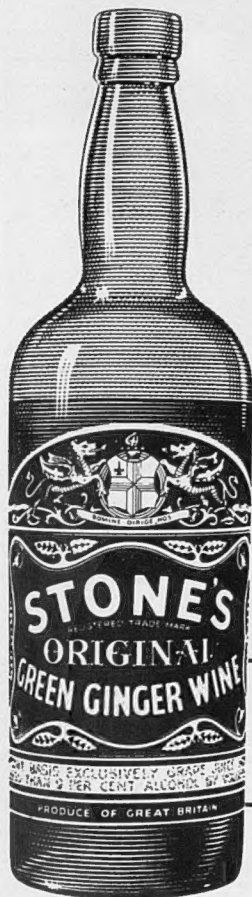
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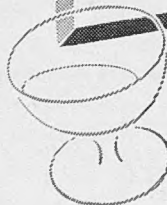


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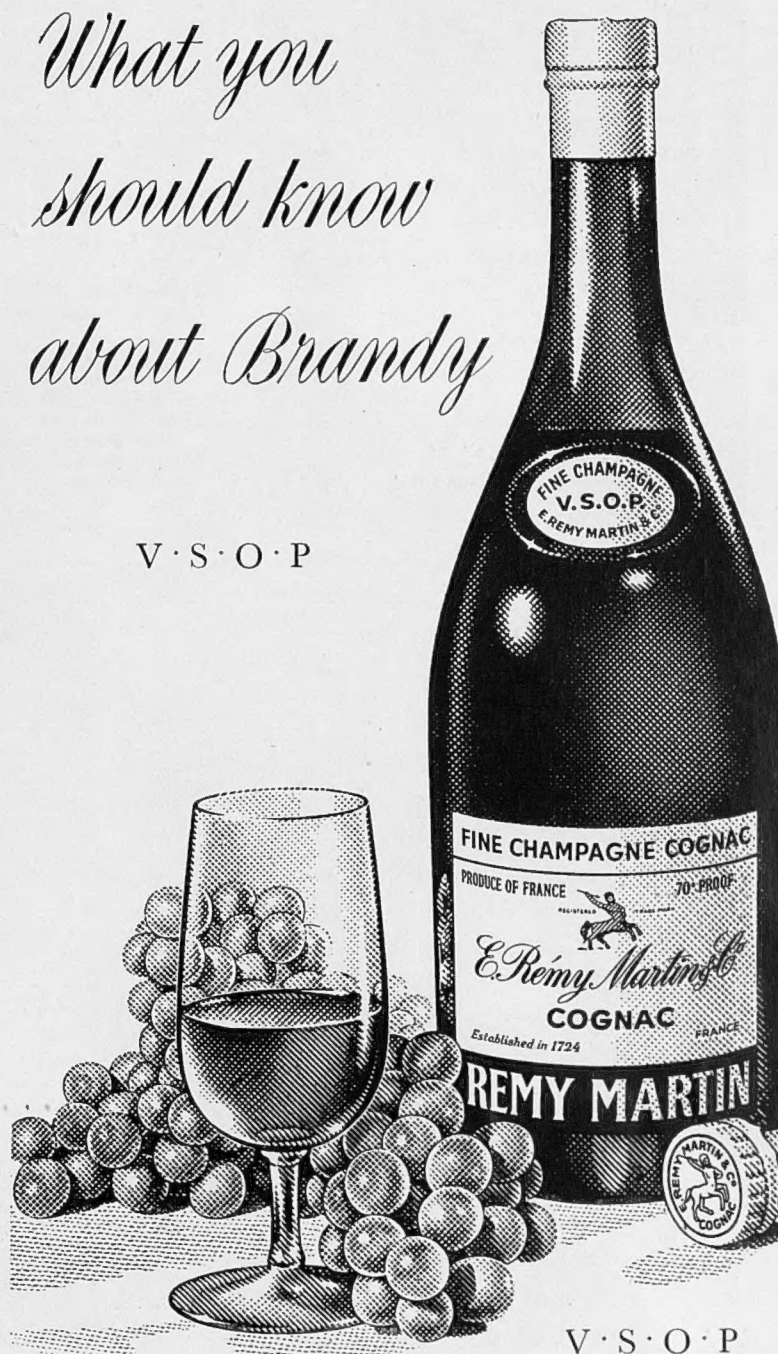
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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From November 30 to December 7



Eric Coop

LADY SARAH PRIMROSE CADOGAN, eldest daughter of Earl and Countess Cadogan, of Snaigow, Perthshire, and a lovely débutante of the coming year, appears on The TATLER cover this week. She is now finishing in Paris and returns to London in March, when she will be presented. Countess Cadogan is giving a dance for her at Claridge's on June 9. She is a talented pianist and inherits a flair for languages from her mother. Her father succeeded to the title in 1933. She has a brother, Viscount Chelsea, and two younger sisters

Nov. 30 (Wed.) Prince Philip attends the 290th anniversary Festival Dinner of the Royal Scottish Corporation, at Grosvenor House. St. Andrew's Day celebrations at Eton College. National Association of Training Corps for Girls "Ball Of The Future," at the May Fair Hotel. First night: *Anniversary Waltz* at the Lyric, with Barbara Kelly and Bernard Braden. Steeplechasing at Liverpool (two days).

Dec. 1 (Thurs.) Royal Philharmonic Orchestra concert, at the Royal Festival Hall. Kandahar Ski Club dinner-dance, at the Savoy. Royal Scots Greys dinner, at the Savoy.

Dec. 2 (Fri.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother attends the annual dinner given by the president of the Students' Union of London University. The Duchess of Kent presents nurses' prizes at the Royal Masonic Hospital, Ravenscourt Park. Princess Alexandra attends a concert given by the London Mozart Players, in aid of the British Empire Society for the Blind, at the Festival Hall. Royal Corinthian Yacht Club dinner-dance, at the Savoy.

Hunt Balls: The Hambledon, at the Guildhall, Winchester.

The Eridge, at the Elizabethan Barn, Tunbridge Wells.

The Heythrop, at Breadwell Hill, Moreton-in-Marsh.

Racing at Manchester (two days) and Windsor (two days).

Dec. 3 (Sat.) Mme. Hägglöf, wife of the Swedish Ambassador, opens the annual Swedish Christmas Fair at the Swedish Hall, Harcourt Street, W., at 11 a.m.

The Woodland Pytchley hunt ball, at Drayton House, Lowick.

Mrs. Anthony Parker's dance for her daughter, Miss Felicia Franklyn, at Delamore, Cornwood, Devon.

Racing at Worcester.

Dec. 5 (Mon.) Smithfield Show and Agricultural Machinery Exhibition, at Earls Court (Dec. 5 to 9).

Racing at Nottingham (two days).

Dec. 6 (Tues.) Prince Philip attends the annual dinner of the Alpine Club.

Rugby Football: Oxford University v. Cambridge University at Twickenham.

Dec. 7 (Wed.) Prince Philip visits units of the Medical Research Council at the London Postgraduate Medical School and at the Institute of Ophthalmology. In the evening he attends a reception held by the Faculty of Royal Designers for Industry at the Royal Society of Arts, John Adam St.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret attend a private dress show organized by the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers at Hutchinson House. The Queen Mother also visits the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art to make a presentation to Sir Kenneth Barnes on his retirement as Principal of the Academy.

Princess Margaret attends a reception given by Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps of which she is Col-in-Chief, at Westminster.

Snow Ball, at the Dorchester.

Shikar Club Dinner, at the Savoy.

Racing at Plumpton.

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Ski fashions

from VIENNA

The Viennese have always been famous for their ski accessories. These pictures will give you an idea of the many attractive things to be found on the Fashion floor at Finnigans. The white/red embroidered sweater is priced at £13.11.6, the Balaclava at £3.19.6 and the matching gloves at £2.16.6. The other sweater in black/royal embroidered with white is priced at £10.5.0. The matching Balaclava with a peak, in royal embroidered with white, price £2.12.6, and the gloves, price £2.16.6, make a charming set.

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A new portrait of Her Majesty The Queen

THIS fine new portrait of the Queen in the grand manner is by Mr. Edward I. Halliday, and is hanging in the Royal Society of Portrait Painters Exhibition at the Royal Institute Galleries in Piccadilly. Her Majesty is wearing the Garter

Star and two family Orders and the background is of Windsor Castle. There are two other portraits of the Queen, by W. A. Dargie and Flora Lyon, also an arresting study of portraiture and symbolism by Grace Wheatley called "The Crown"



Van Hallan

A TRIO OF DÉBUTANTES

THE débutante season ended with a flourish, with the dance given for Miss Alison Rutherford, Miss Sally Probart Jones and Miss Ruth Huggins. Here they are seen with the Earl of Brecknock (left) and Mr. Darel Carey

Social Journal

Jennifer

ROYAL VISIT TO WINFIELD HOUSE

H.M. THE QUEEN, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret recently went to dine with the United States Ambassador and Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich at Winfield House, the U.S. Embassy residence in Regent's Park. The Queen looked beautiful in pale blue lace and tulle, and like all the other women present wore no tiara. It was quite an informal evening, with all the men wearing black ties. The Queen Mother was in one of her favourite crinolines, white with touches of silver, and a little white tulle cape, and Princess Margaret looked very pretty in a dress of pale rose pink satin with mother-of-pearl embroidery.

THERE were about fifty guests for dinner which was served at small tables. The Queen sat with her host, and also at this table were Mr. Nelson Rockefeller, one of President Eisenhower's assistants, Mr. Henry Ford, the Swedish Ambassador, the Spanish Ambassador and the Portuguese Ambassador. After dinner another 150 guests came in for dancing which took place in the large drawing-room. The Queen and her mother and sister danced happily all the evening. Prince Philip was not able to be there as he had been up in the north of England, fulfilling several official engagements that day, and did not get back in time.

Among the guests were many members of the Diplomatic Corps and their wives. Outstanding among the latter were Mme. Hägglöf, wife of the Swedish Ambassador, who looked exceptionally chic in a dress with a turquoise blue brocade top and a full white tulle skirt,

and Mme. Mendoza, the beautiful wife of the Cuban Ambassador wearing Pierre Balmain's lovely black satin dress with a black and white stole. Mrs. Henry Luce, the American Ambassador in Rome, looked very striking in a pale blue satin dress. Mrs. William Patten was over from Paris for the party, also Lady Diana Duff Cooper, as always outstandingly beautiful wearing black, Don Carlos de Beistigui and Mr. and Mrs. Stavro Niarchos, the latter lovely in white with magnificent emeralds.

American Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Firestone and their daughter Anne were among the guests. Other guests included the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, the Duke of Marlborough, his eldest daughter Lady Sarah Russell with her American husband, Mr. Edwin Russell, the Duchess of Argyll, lovely in a dress of grey tulle over pink, the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury, the Marquess and Marchioness of Douro and Sir John and Lady Dashwood.

OTHERS enjoying this delightful party were Viscount Margesson, the Hon. Lady Baillie wearing John Cavanagh's beautiful palest gold organza dress, Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, the Marquess and Marchioness of Northampton, Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight, Viscount and Viscountess Moore, the Viscountess in black velvet, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, Viscount and Viscountess Duncannon, Col. and Mrs. John Ward, the latter in grey and yellow tulle with yellow roses, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks, the former dancing with Mrs. Henry Luce, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Legge, and Lady Willoughby de Broke in a ballet length dress with a black

skirt and scarlet top embroidered in black jet, with which she wore a black jet necklace and ear-rings.

★ ★ ★

AT Claridge's I went to what I believe was the last débutante dance of 1955. It was given jointly by Lady Huggins, Mrs. Daniel Swinden and Mrs. Neil Rutherford for their daughters, Miss Ruth Huggins, Miss Sally Probart Jones and Miss Alison Rutherford, all débutantes last summer, who are very popular and charming girls with a host of young friends. This was an exceptionally gay and enjoyable event which went on until nearly 5 a.m. A number of friends of the three hostesses gave dinner parties for the ball including the Duchess of Argyll, Countess Cadogan, Lady Baxter, Lady Grimston and Elizabeth Lady Musker whom I saw at the ball sitting talking to Mr. Harry Middleton.

Also there were Mrs. Everard Gates, Lady Eccles, Mrs. Henry Tiarks, Mrs. Gerald Legge, Mrs. Reginald Williams and Mrs. Baskerville-Glegg whose daughter Myrna was among the many pretty girls at the ball, where the standard of beauty was remarkably high.

MISS RUTH HUGGINS was radiant in beaded pale blue satin and so obviously enjoying every moment of her party as were Sally, in an orchid pink chiffon Maggy Rouff dress, and Alison who wore a powder blue taffeta crinoline with a bead-embroidered pale blue and pink bodice. An enchanting little guest who always had a bevy of young men around her was Señorita Blanca



Miss Belinda Earle and Mr. Timothy Renton at the bar between dances



Capt. and Mrs. J. B. Wilberforce, sitting out, were watching a waltz in progress



GOING TO SUPPER at Claridge's during the last débutante ball were Miss Oonagh Gore, Mr. Mike Hawthorn, Miss Cherry Huggins and Mr. Neil McNab

Figuerola y de Borbon, lovely in white, who was sitting on a sofa between Mr. Billy Wallace and the Hon. Peter Ward when I met her. She is staying for some weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks.

I SAW Lady Zinnia Denison dancing with Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville, Miss Charlotte Bowater, Lady Sarah Cadogan, Miss Jane Sheffield in a very pretty rainbow chiffon dress, Miss Antonia Edmonstone, the Hon. Caroline Wood, Miss Frances Sweeny in white, Miss Camilla Roberts, Miss Penelope Knowles, Miss Elfin Soames, Miss Mardie Madden, Miss Anna Massey who came on from the theatre, Miss Penelope Musker, Miss Jill Benton Jones and Miss Camilla Straight who celebrated her birthday that evening.

The young men included such "regulars" at débutante dances as the Earl of Brecknock, Earl Bathurst, the Earl of Suffolk, Mr. Robin Stormonth-Darling, the Hon. Dominic Elliot, Mr. David Bailey, Mr. Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie, Mr. Philip de Laszlo and Count Ferdinand Galen, who is not able to go to so many dances here now that he has left Oxford and is living in Germany.

About one o'clock everyone sat down on chairs around the dance floor and others on the floor itself to listen to a good cabaret by the coloured singer Hutch.

DURING the evening I met Sir John Huggins busy helping his wife and daughters, and quite a number of older guests dancing and enjoying this excellent ball. They included, of course, many of the dinner hostesses, also Sir Denys and the Hon. Lady Lowson who have a débutante daughter coming out next season, her brother Lord Strathcarron, Lord and Lady Stamp, Mr. Vane Ivanovic and his wife who was looking very lovely, Sir Jocelyn Lucas, Lord and Lady Mancroft, Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman, Mr. Geoffrey Todd, Vicomte d'Orthez whose wife, Moira Lister, is on tour with John Gielgud's Shakespeare company, Mrs. Tobolski, Mr. Teddy Remington-Hobbs, and Mr. and Mrs. David Wilkinson, who were motoring back to their home in Surrey after the ball.

★ ★ ★

PRINCESS MARGARET, hatless and wearing a short blue taffeta shantung dress with a ruby-centred diamond daisy pinned on her shoulder and a five row pearl necklace, came along to the informal cocktail party given by the Young Contingent of the Victoria League of which she is president, at Victoria League House. Before the Princess went up to the party she was received by members of the

Central Council including Mary Duchess of Devonshire, the deputy president, Lady Worsley, Sir Cecil Harcourt, the chairman, Lady Harcourt, Lady Freyberg, Lady Raleigh and Lady Adeane.

Sir Cecil Harcourt presented Mr. Patrick Crosbie-Brooke, chairman of the Young Contingent, Mrs. Crosbie-Brooke, Miss Roona Sinclair, the vice-chairman, and Miss Gylia Randall. The Princess, escorted by Mr. Crosbie-Brooke, then went slowly round the two rooms meeting young members from all corners of the Commonwealth. These included Mr. Peter Seaman from Brisbane, Mr. Owen Kimberly from Palmerston North, New Zealand, very pretty Miss Elizabeth Adams from Melbourne, who was in a light blue velvet dress, Miss Anne Raymond from Toronto and Mr. Duncan Shearer from Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia.

★ ★ ★

SINCE she became Mayor of Kensington, Lady Petrie has devoted much of her time and energy to the affairs of the Borough. Nothing is too small to have her attention and everything within her province must be done with efficiency. The annual Mayor's reception at the Kensington Town Hall has now become one of the best run and most enjoyable of the winter season, and it is always attended by a great many members of the Diplomatic Corps, Kensington Palace Gardens, the home of so many Embassies, being in the Borough.

This year the reception was honoured by the presence of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, who has recently taken up permanent residence at Kensington Palace. Looking very beautiful in a sapphire blue velvet crinoline with a circlet of pearls and diamonds in her hair and two single stone diamond necklaces, she was accompanied by her daughter Princess Alexandra who looked sweet in a printed pink and white silk dress. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, who also lives in Kensington Palace, came with them, and the Royal ladies, after being received by Lady Petrie, went upstairs to the grand hall where many presentations were made.

SIR CHARLES PETRIE was there to help his wife receive her many guests, who included, besides Ambassadors and Ministers, the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, the Mayors of many London boroughs and their wives, the Bishop of London and Mrs. Wand, the Bishop of Kensington and Lady Laura Easthaugh, and Viscount and Viscountess Woolton who were in the gayest mood. I saw the Marquess of Carisbrooke, Lord and Lady Sempill, the

[Continued overleaf]



Miss Henrietta Crawley listening to an interesting reminiscence by Capt. C. W. D. Worthington



Miss Marcia Scott, a visitor from New York, chatting over coffee and cigarettes with Mr. Desmond Cubitt

Continuing The Social Journal

Guests at a brilliant reception



AN ANGLO-BELGIAN dinner-dance to mark the official birthday of the King of the Belgians was given by H.E. the Belgian Ambassador, the Marquis du Parc Locmaria, and the Anglo-Belgian and Belgian Associations in London at Claridge's. Above: the Ambassador and Mme. P. Jeanty

Sir Denys Lawson, Mrs. Doric Bossom and Lt.-Gen. Maton, Hon. A.D.C., Vice-President, Union Belgo-Britannique



Van Hallan Commandant and Mme. G. Cuissart de Grelle, M.B.E., Military Attaché, Belgian Embassy, M. E. Champenois, Counsellor at the Embassy, and Mrs. E. D. Cameron

former wearing the kilt, the Dowager Lady Swaythling, Lady Salisbury-Jones having a long talk to the Marchioness of Reading and the Hon. Charles Rhys, Viscount and Viscountess Long of Wraxall, the Hon. Derek and Mrs. Moore-Brabazon and Sir Arthur and Lady Evans.

Commander Alan Noble the M.P. for Chelsea and his wife were there, also Lord and Lady Hacking, Mr. and Mrs. High Ingram, Sir Patrick Spens the M.P. for Kensington, South and Lady Spens, Sir John and Lady Nott-Bower, Mrs. Boyd Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Mann, Miss Sheran Cazalet looking attractive in aquamarine blue, and Mr. Kenneth Simonds—who both helped the Mayor in a charming, unobtrusive way, escorting her guests to the grand hall—and Lord and Lady Mancroft who were later going on to the private dance at Claridge's given by Lady Huggins and two joint hostesses.

Octogenarian Sir Sydney Fremantle (he is eighty-eight), wearing a striking Order and many decorations, was in tremendous form. Two other octogenarians who live in the borough and who were thoroughly enjoying this delightful evening, were the twin sisters the Misses de Gabrielli, who are eighty-five years old. They made a picturesque pair in their black dresses with long cross-over collars of real lace.

Photographs of the reception will be found on pages 552-3.

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PRIVATE view day of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters Exhibition at the Royal Institute Galleries in Piccadilly was as crowded as ever. In consequence it was not easy to see the portraits. Predominating in the exhibition are the three portraits of the Queen. Firstly in the centre of the long wall of the South Gallery is the Edward Halliday, in which Her Majesty is wearing a blue lace and net dress with a diamond tiara and Order and decorations. On the other side of the gallery is a smaller and very charming painting by W. A. Dargie, in which the Queen is wearing a yellow and gold organza dress with a spray of mimosa or wattle pinned at her shoulder. Then there is the unique picture called "The Crown," by Grace Wheatley, R.P., portraying the Queen in very happy mood, wearing a crown, with many emblems of the Commonwealth around her. I heard much praise for this picture as I stood for some time studying it.

There are three splendid contributions by James Gunn, A.R.A., President of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, and five by David Jagger, R.P., two of our finest portrait painters. Maurice Codner, R.P., has four hanging, including an excellent likeness of the Home Secretary, Major Gwilym Lloyd George. Nearby is a striking portrait by William Penn of Mr. Francis Williams, Q.C., the Recorder of Birkenhead. I heard much praise for Edward Halliday's portrait of Sir Edmund Hillary, Simon Elwes's picture of Mrs. Robin Leslie, and John Gilroy's painting of the Earl of Iveagh.

MR. SIMON ELWES, vice-president of the Society, and Mr. Maurice Codner, the hon. secretary, were both greeting friends in the galleries. Among those I met trying to get a glimpse of the pictures were Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter with Lady Cohen, Mrs.

Peter Thorneycroft with her young son Pierre Roberti, and Mr. Charles Harding, Lady Birley, whose late husband, Sir Oswald Birley, was at one time president of the society, Lord Bruntisfield, his daughter-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Robin Warrender and Lady Illingworth. Also present were Mr. Nigel Fisher, M.P., Countess St. Aldwyn, Sir Hugh Dawson, Sir Adrian Jarvis, Brigadier Derek Schreiber, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh de Rougemont, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Butler, Mrs. Kenneth Hollebone, whose daughter Sarah Hollebone has a portrait hanging in the exhibition, and Mrs. David Drummond escorted by Col. Sidney Fitz-Gerald, whose portrait by Bernard Adams hangs in the South Gallery.

★ ★ ★

WELL over £500 will have been raised for St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, as the result of the recent St. Mark's Ball held at Londonderry House, for which Mrs. Edward Christie Miller was the chairman. Mr. Owen Stable was a very efficient deputy chairman and the two of them worked tremendously hard getting their friends to support the ball and ensure its success.

Mrs. Alexander Eddy who brought a big party and Mrs. Taft and Miss Swithenback who did wonders with the tombola were three others whose outstanding efforts helped the success of the evening.

Major and Mrs. Christie Miller, the latter very good looking in a superb grey organza dress embroidered in white paillettes, had a big party including Col. and Mrs. Towers Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Whitwell, Col. and Mrs. Hanbury Bateman and Mr. and Mrs. John Page. The latter is chairman of the Snow Ball which promises to be a very enjoyable evening at the Savoy on December 7. The Hon. Mr. Justice and Lady Streatfeild, Sir Ivor and Lady Thomas, Mrs. Wakeham and Mr. Gwyn and Lady Audrey Morris, whom I met gathering together their sixteen young guests, all brought big parties. Mr. Morris's daughter Hilary was looking enchanting in white satin and tulle. Two other attractive girls I saw dancing were Miss Mariette Salisbury-Jones and Miss Gillian Buckley. The Rev. Kenneth Thorneycroft, Vicar of St. Mark's, was present with his wife and both enjoyed the cabaret, which was given by a singer.

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THE Belgian Ambassador and the Marquise du Parc Locmaria gave a very big reception at the Belgian Embassy in honour of the official birthday of King Baudouin of the Belgians. Many members of both Houses of Parliament and of the Diplomatic Corps came to pay their respects. Among the first people I met were the Norwegian Ambassador, the Earl and Countess of Scarborough and Lord and Lady Killearn, all on their way downstairs after shaking hands with their host and hostess. Sir Richard Handley Page was in a corner of the library regaling Viscountess Tarbat and Sir Charles and Lady Taylor with amusing stories and incidents.

In the large hall I met Col. and Mrs. Gilbert Monckton and Lord and Lady Dunboyne, who have a charming house in Chelsea where they live with their two children. Mme. de Remon

was looking, as always, elegant in black, on her way to the dining-room, where other friends included Mr. and Mrs. Marsden Smedley, Sir Guy and Lady Salisbury-Jones, Mrs. Murray Lawes, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Whitwell and Mrs. Johnson and her pretty daughter Rosemary.

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PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE is indefatigable in the way she helps good causes, and nowadays goes to more dinners and charity balls than perhaps any member of the Royal Family. She recently attended the International Ball in aid of the United Nations Association, held at the Dorchester Hotel, and was received on arrival by Lady Grantchester, chairman of the Ball, Lord Grantchester and Maj.-Gen. Lyne, chairman of U.N.A. executive committee. The Ambassadors of Afghanistan, Indonesia and the Jordan were present, and I also saw Mrs. Pandit, the High Commissioner for India.

Lady Grantchester has made a wonderful chairman, and so many people rallied to her appeal for support that tables had to be arranged in the circular Gold Room adjoining the ballroom, as that was quite full. After dinner there was a cabaret given by young Scottish dancers, some Brazilian dancing, and an interesting and original dance by a pair of Indonesian dancers in their national costumes.

Among those who gave this ball their support were Admiral the Hon. Sir Cyril Douglas-Pennant and Lady Douglas-Pennant, Lady Bennett, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys who brought a party including Princess Melikoff, Lady Bird, Lady Reid Dick, Mrs. Ronald Bowes-Lyon, who told me that happily her husband is much better, and Mr. and Mrs. Francis Fisher.

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THIS year the Christmas Cracker Ball in aid of the British Empire Cancer Research Fund is being held at the May Fair Hotel on December 14. The Marchioness of Downshire is going to receive the guests with Vivien Leigh. A very good go-ahead committee, which includes Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd, Mrs. Jean Garland, Viscountess Astor, Lady Marks and the Hon. Mrs. John North, are working hard to assure that the ball will be a great success and are arranging a really good cabaret.

Four artists, namely Kathleen Mann, Molly Bishop (Lady George Scott), Anna Zinkeisen and Brian Buchel have kindly given blank canvases which are to be auctioned to raise funds for this very good cause. Tickets for the ball may be obtained from the Marchioness of Downshire, 11 Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

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THE Cresta Ball, a great gathering of members and friends of the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club, is taking place this year on December 16 at the Savoy Hotel.

Lt.-Col. J. S. Coats, a very keen Cresta enthusiast, is the new President of the Club, and his sister Viscountess Knollys has taken on the chairmanship of the ball committee. Helping her are, among others, Mrs. John Crammond, Mrs. Eric Rylands, Mrs. Henry Martineau and Mrs. Vernon Pope, who is once again the very efficient honorary secretary. There will be a good cabaret and a Tombola with spectacular prizes. Tickets for this ball may be had from Mrs. Pope, 21 Eaton House, Upper Grosvenor Street, W.1.



THE ST. MARK'S BALL, held at Londonderry House, included many people who had been married at the celebrated church in North Audley Street. The chairman of the ball, Mrs. Edward Christie-Miller, was herself married in this church. Above: Mr. Bob Walton and Mrs. K. Gill were studying a globe

Major B. Fordham and Miss Elizabeth Christie-Miller, niece of the ball chairman

Miss Mardie Madden, one of last year's principal débutantes, with Mr. Alan Morris



Miss Julia Hargreaves and Mr. Rodney Gollancz were among the 400 guests

Miss Marianne Ford and Mr. John Trelawney-Ross. Dancing continued until 2 a.m.

Desmond O'Neill

O, SWEET AND LOVELY WALL

PROPAGANDA for the Wall Game would make an interesting study. There must have been quite a stream of it, steady and subtle, over the last hundred years. How else can one explain this six-deep crowd along the ropes across College Field, mothers concentrating on their own misery, fathers congratulating themselves on having brought gum-boots this year, bored Oppidans and shouting Collegers? The duckboards have already begun to settle into the morass. A few families move quietly off towards the lesser discomforts of the exhibition of boys' painting in the drawing schools. In the middle of the wall a dark pile steams gently in the light drizzle.

Suddenly the pile falls apart and becomes players; a gaunt umpire is taking ten enormous strides towards Slough; evidently the side defending the Slough end, Bad Calx, have offended in some way. Perhaps it was "knuckling with the inside hand" or "playing on the ground"; the appeal was inaudible and the offence invisible. A father turns towards his son and checks, remembering last year's embarrassment when he expected the boy to know what was going on. This article is dedicated to him.

THE origins of football are shrouded in history. It used to take place between two villages over large stretches of rough country, and any man who had committed a murder shortly before the match could, during play, smuggle the corpse on to the ground, where, when all was over, it would look as natural a piece of litter as orange peel at Highbury. Gradually civilization sneaked in: grounds were defined, rules evolved, and sides, though they still followed the ball all together in a yelping pack, limited. Finally it was discovered that if one stationed one's men about the field and kicked the ball to where the opposing pack was not, one usually won.

Eton, while this was happening, seems to have been a fairly conservative place. At any rate it was realized that this "passing" would be the end of football-as-we-know-it; rules were devised to prevent it and the Field Game was born, the essence of which is that one way and another a player can at any moment be offside in any direction. There are refinements.

IT makes a magnificent game, but early players of it on College Field seem to have discovered that when the ball and a few players found themselves against the Wall there were interesting results. The field was narrowed by a furrow to a strip along the Wall, which at least cut out the possibility of being offside sideways. One still mustn't receive the ball when standing in what would be an offside position at any other game, or move it, however slightly, backwards.

There was an innovation, devised, unlikely



THE HON. PETER DICKINSON, writer of this article, is the younger brother of Lord Dickinson and was born in Rhodesia. He won a scholarship to Eton, and an Exhibition in Classics to King's College, Cambridge. At Eton he played for the Collegers in three Wall Games, and edited the "Eton Chronicle." Is now a journalist

though it may seem, to prevent the game from becoming stagnant: when the ball crosses the furrow and goes out of play the game is resumed not where it crosses but where it stops or is stopped. A loose ball may be kicked half the length of the Wall, and when that happens and the players all trudge down to a fresh patch of mud, even mothers know that something has happened.

To return to the point at which the father decided to ask no questions: the players begin to start a new bully opposite where the umpire has halted. There are three Walls on each side, large boys in globular sackcloth who look like penitent friars of the Space Age, and two of them face each other and make an arch that has something of the awkward adequacy of a home-made pergola; behind them form the other Walls; these six are largely shoving power.

In the arch crouches a slighter boy in breeches, and then three more beside him, making a tunnel stretching out from the Wall; these are the seconds, who try to kneel on the ball and use the Walls' shove to go forwards with it, and when they can get no farther pass it sideways to one of their own side. (When you are inside the bully, two inches sometimes seems quite a distance; in a world of mud and knees and effort you forget that the Wall is eighty yards long and the spectators waiting for something to happen.)

OUTSIDE the seconds stands a third on each side and outside him a fourth; most of the third's job is to molest the seconds, and the fourth's to molest the opposing third to prevent him from doing it properly, so the only benefit to the seconds is less accuracy, if greater pressure. The other four players look so interested because they are supposed to pounce on any loose ball. Fly, immediately behind the bully, also has the important job of shouting to his side the position of the ball. (The farther into the bully you go the harder it is to find it, and a head looks remarkably round too, though it has a different consistency when you come to kneel on it.)

The ball is rolled along the tunnel by a third, the cheering wells up, and the steam begins to rise again. Perhaps the drizzle is a little lighter, or perhaps it is only that the crowd is getting used to it.

Gradually, in jerks and spurts like an old car starting on a cold morning, the bully surges towards Good Calx, marked off by a white line at the Eton end of the Wall. Time seems to have become denser, so that this progress appears reasonably fast, no slower than a traffic jam, and as the First Walls emerge again and again from the front of the bully and move round to the back to take over the easier job of Third Wall their rhythmic reappearance acquires an almost staccato quality.

Only in Calx can any scoring be done; there one can score shies, which entitle



"Football at the Wall" as it appeared about a century ago

one, as a try does at rugby, to shots at goal, which one misses. A shy is not very difficult to score but impossible to explain. My Oppidan brother was once playing in a match just before St. Andrew's Day. The Oppidans had been driven right back into Good Calx, but there their opponents made some mistake and he managed to burst through with the ball and dribble the whole length of the Wall, shirt-tails flying; he is fast and reached Bad Calx with time to spare; there he stopped with his foot on the ball like a big-game hunter and shouted "What do I do now?" His Keeper, twenty yards behind, tried to pant out "Hold-the-ball-off-the-ground-against-the-Wall-with-your-foot-face-Slough-touch-the-ball-with-your-hand-and-shout-GOTTIT" but this was drowned by the opposition arriving in time to obliterate my brother's heroic pose.

IT was rather a pity, though one doesn't expect Oppidans to know all the rules. I don't think that anyone else has ever had a chance of scoring a shy in Bad Calx from a bully which started in Good.

Now the bully has almost reached Good Calx, but time is almost up; the defenders are trying to hold; more and more players pile into

the bully, which becomes no larger, only more compact; there is a feeling of something like urgency; a few fathers are cheering; the treble collegers have long since shouted themselves bass and the bass an uncomfortable alto; at last the bully disintegrates, the cheering dies, and the School Clock can be heard striking the inevitable hour; wet with the penetrating wetness of November the spectators troop away, having discovered once again that the Wall game is not a spectator sport.

PERHAPS I have been unfair to mothers. Fathers seem to accept the game as a mystery, to be believed because improbable. But one mother I remember clearly: there had been a heavy shower and her fur was in rats-tails; her perm had dissolved, her hat was sending a neat rivulet down the back of her neck, and one of her shoes had come off between duck-boards; her make-up would need doing again. She watched the game with suspicion.

After a long bully near Calx a College Wall who had been ten minutes in the thick of it emerged and leant, utterly exhausted, against the Wall. Then she knew she had been cheated: "Look at that boy!" she cried. "He's resting."



Mr. Robert Birley, who has been headmaster of Eton since 1949, and Mr. C. A. Elliott, the Provost, watching the game



A typically muddy study of one of the players who had taken a strenuous part in the traditional Wall Game on St. Andrew's Day



Roundabout

Paul Holt

THEY have started up the old National Sporting Club again. This association of gentlemen interested in the true art of fisticuffs now gathers fortnightly in the Louis Room at the Café Royal at 9 p.m. And the company is distinguished.

There is the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, Earl Jermyn, the Earl of Midleton, Benno Moiseiwitsch, Sir Louis Sterling, Wee Georgie Wood and His Excellency the Irish Ambassador, Mr. F. Boland, among others.

As is the tradition, the contests will be watched in complete silence and the followers of the manly art will be black tied and cigared.

The purpose of this recurrence of a scene so well known to Londoners of yesterday, when the contests were held in Holborn, is to attempt to cure a sad falling off in the standard of British boxing.

This patronage, it is thought, might help. And indeed it is high time something was done about it, for boxing lags sadly behind the rest of British sporting endeavour.

CRICKET is on its feet again (if we can keep the players on their two feet). Our Rugby team, the Lions, quite startled the South Africans. Our show jumping is superb. The British swimmers in Moscow did well the other day. We have two young motor racers who are sought by every country in the world, Moss and Hawthorn. And even tennis, which has been our rabbit hutch for so long, shows signs of improvement with names like Mortimer and Knight to hint at a brighter future.

But boxing. Why, even Dai Dower and Ron Barton have been tumbling down; Mr. Cockell suffers from *avoiirdupois* and

Mr. Turpin seems to have had enough.

But let the National Sporting Club beware. Boxing today is not what it was when Bombardier Billy Wells took a dive and Joe Beckett failed to convince Georges Carpentier.

Boxing now is a slugging match, dull to watch. What these gentlemen, surely, should consider to be their duty is to re-create the style of the sport.

Since a committee member is the Marquess of Queensberry, he may be able to recollect his ancestor's instructions in this matter.

★ ★ ★

EIGHTY-THREE paintings by Stanley Spencer, R.A., are now on show at the Tate on Millbank. This strange, small man paints in an exaggerated perspective and in a flat tone of colour. But he makes his paintings, for all that, remarkably

real. Probably a painting of his he calls "The Wool Shop" is one of the most progressive attempts at putting paint to canvas (and I don't mean any of your Picasso nonsense) of this century.

It is true that Sir Winston Churchill, on seeing Spencer's "Resurrection," remarked, "If that is the Resurrection I can contemplate with equanimity the prospect of eternal sleep." But that, I am sure, was one artist talking about another.

ALTHOUGH Spencer has always been associated with Cookham on the Thames, there was a period in his life when he lived at Burghclere, near Newbury, in Berkshire. As artists do, he arrived for an evening and stayed for seven years.

During that time his hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Behrend, built him a chapel. It is an ugly building, but the great point is that it was designed for his purpose. There is nothing a real artist likes more than a plain, whitewashed wall. On this he can work and Spencer did. He painted a series of scenes from his boyhood, when he was involved in that tragic Gallipoli adventure which ended so badly.

There are men in puttees, and mules on their backs, and the light shines through them all. When the graves open I can never be sure whether it is a man or a mule that emerges.

I know a woman who is proudest of one thing. When Spencer spent his seven years (which is longer than Michelangelo Buonarroti stayed in Rome), painting ceilings and walls she used to watch him. Up on the scaffolding he'd be, but he let her climb up, too.

And when there came the moment for the white scut of a rabbit's tail to be painted, he let her do it.

★ ★ ★

WHEN the Duke of Cornwall became seven the other day people complained about his coat being too tight and too short, in the pictures that appeared in the newspapers.

But I have always noted that a Scotsman (and the Duke is part Scottish) always wears a short, tight cut of coat. It is only when they come south that they allow their clothes to be easy.

I thought that the little boy looked nice indeed.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE never before believed in the ability of women to control themselves, but I saw the other night a remarkable example to prove me wrong. Mrs. Douglas Campbell, who was commère on a TV show, was interrupted in the middle of her talking by a polite, bearded man who handed her a note. It was to say that her husband had broken the world water speed record at 216 m.p.h. at Las Vegas in California.

She was excited, but collected.

A moment in which she carried herself as well as her husband, and I was proud of her.



LORD DOUGLAS OF KIRTLESIDE, G.C.B., M.C., D.F.C., Croix de Guerre, Chairman of British European Airways since 1949, has recently returned from a visit to Moscow where he completed successful negotiations with the Russian national airline, "Aeroflot," to link this country with destinations in Russia through B.E.A.'s Scandinavian and Vienna services. Lord Douglas, who was one of the pioneers of British commercial aviation, began World War One as an artillery officer. He transferred to the R.F.C., won the M.C., D.F.C., and Croix de Guerre as a fighter pilot, and commanded two fighter squadrons on the Western front in France. His name became one of national significance in 1941 when as A.O.C.-in-C. Fighter Command he was chief of the force of those young men who defeated the Luftwaffe's night bomber offensive. Later distinguished appointments included A.O.C.-in-C. Middle East. In 1948 he was created Lord Douglas of Kirtleside

MISS DAWN PALETHORPE

LAST year a new star rose suddenly into the limelight of the show jumping world in the person of Miss Dawn Palethorpe, when she won the Leading Show Jumper of the Year championship in October at the Horse of the Year Show at Harringay. This year she has had many successes abroad and has jumped with the British team, finally winning the Queen Elizabeth Cup at the International Horse Show at the White City and the Victor Ludorum Championship at the Horse of the Year Show. She is nineteen



Zichy (Baron Studios)

At the Races

NEW LIGHT ON KIPLING

SO much has been written about Rudyard Kipling by others and by himself in his autobiography, that I could not believe that there was any more to say. This was wrong, and Mr. Charles Carrington has proved it in his very excellent book *Rudyard Kipling, His Life And Work* (Macmillan, 25s.). It is out and away the best record that has yet been produced, and is full of intimate detail not found elsewhere.

I had the luck to meet Kipling many years ago, before he became the old big gun like unto Zûm-Zûmmer, which no doubt a lot of people have seen at Lahore. It was in his *Civil And Military Gazette* and *Pioneer* days, and truth to tell he did not impress people very favourably since he was very full of himself and not very prepossessing in any way. His popularity was not increased when *Departmental Ditties* and *Plain Tales From The Hills* were published some years later. At the time I knew him *Soldiers Three, The Story of the Gadsby's* (By "Gadsby"), which was quite out of his depth, and some other of his stories were making people sit up and take a bit of notice because of their cleverness.

Many years after this I met Mrs. Fleming, his sister, the "Trix" of this book. She was in charge of the fortune-telling show at the Minto

Fête in Calcutta, which was organized by the late Lady Minto, Consort of the Viceroy. And hereby hangs a tale. I went in and paid my rupee; Mrs. Fleming inspected my hand, and then said: "Are you nervous?"; I said, "No; why?" She answered, "Because in a few days you are very nearly going to lose your life." I thought nothing of it because the local steeplechases were then on, and I had one or two rather rocky rides.

NEXT morning when I was hacking about on the Calcutta racecourse the bit suddenly snapped in the animal's mouth, and away it went bald-headed for home. It was one of those silly little thin snaffles, which were so ineffectual and rather cruel. The horse slipped up on some tram lines just outside the house, I shot between a pillar-box and a telegraph pole and the animal broke its shoulder and, of course, had to be destroyed. The only damage to me was a broken finger. This is not quite the end of the story; for when I came to think it over I wondered whether even a thin snaffle would snap. A pal and I collected the bit and had a look at it and sure enough we saw that it had been filed to paper thinness by some wicked person.

It was not a very difficult "Who Dun It" proposition, because there was an unpleasant person who thought I was a rival in the

affections of a lady he was courting. This was not so, as I was not even an interested spectator. However, he thought so and my friend (a policeman) wanted to have a go, but I did not think that he was worth powder and shot, and so left it alone.

THIS, of course, is a quite frivolous yarn and I should not have related it if it had not an oblique connection with Kipling through his sister. It was, however, rather curious, and when I wrote and told her about it she went a bit further and cautioned me not to have anything to do with a bay horse with white stockings. This also came off, because when I was driving back from the course with Roly Pugh, for whom I used to ride a few horses, the animal in the shafts ran away and we were both chucked out, he luckily unhurt, but I rather damaged.

There may be nothing in these two incidents but coincidence, but they happened just as I have said and were extremely unpleasant. Ever since then I have avoided female prophets however charming they looked, and Mrs. Fleming was very charming!

To revert to Kipling: I have always thought that Kim was a self-portrait. "Strickland Sahib" was Warburton, the only policeman who ever dared to go over The Frontier and who came back alive! Others failed! One, young Clough, they cut up into little pieces in a railway carriage. The running boards were then continuous: but after this murder they were not!

—SABRETACHE



FAVOURITE WON AT LEOPARDSTOWN

RACEGOERS went in force to Leopardstown to see the Irish November Handicap, narrowly won by Starial, the favourite, after a keen battle. Above, leading Irish jockeys Jimmy Eddery (right), who rode the winner, and Paddy Powell, in the paddock

Mr. Joseph McGrath's Starial passes the winning-post half-a-length ahead of the same owner's long-priced Artarsula, with Mahratta Warrior third



Mr. Tom Dreaper, the Co. Dublin trainer, and Mrs. Dreaper, talking to jockey Pat Taaffe



Capt. Alastair Stewart with Mrs. Edward Cazenove, wife of the M.F.H., and Mrs. Tony Riddal-Martin, the Co. Meath owner



Charles Kennell

Mrs. J. G. Counihan, the owner, studying runners with Viscountess Stopford, from Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire

Seventeen-year-old Miss Maura Callan, from Drogheda, with the Independent Cup won by her 'chaser, Mona Pearl



The Hon. Annabelle Hennessy, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Windlesham, with Mr. John Montgomery and Mr. Michael Vernon



Lady Petrie, who is the wife of Sir Charles Petrie, Bt., leaves the reception with the Duchess of Kent at the end of the evening



Princess Alexandra chatting with Councillor Kenneth F. Simonds after the reception

LADY PETRIE'S RECEPTION

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT, Princess Alexandra and Princess Alice were among the many distinguished guests at a reception given by Lady Petrie, Mayor of Kensington, at the Town Hall this month. During the evening there was dancing to the orchestra of the Grenadier Guards. Below: Mr. Peter Stewart and H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone



The new Lord Mayor of London, Alderman C. Ackroyd, was talking to the Mayoress of Westminster, Mrs. M. Stirling





Mrs. W. S. Morrison, the Speaker's wife, with Lord and Lady Mancroft



Mr. and Mrs. Colin Mann, who live in Eaton Terrace, going to supper



Lord and Lady Hacking were looking at some of the old prints of Kensington

Sir Arthur and Lady Evans greeting the Dowager Lady Swaythling

H.E. the Lebanese Ambassador, M. I. El-Ahdab, and Mme. El-Ahdab

Vice-Admiral Sir Ernest Taylor, C.M.G., and Mrs. Ronald Warlow



Desmond O'Neill

Mr. Justice Sachs was present with the Hon. Lady Sachs



Miss D. Bowen and Mr. Trevor Bowen, head of two famous stores



Lady Salisbury-Jones with Mme. Clasen, the Luxembourg Minister's wife



VARIATIONS ON A THEME: Lewis Paul-ton (Ernest Clark) finds the truth sounds far more incredible on the air than do the effortless lies of Carliss (Leslie Phillips), while Brenda Paul-ton (Sarah Lawson) is torn between the wish to believe her husband and the inescapable evidence of his guilt

At the Theatre

"NOTHING SO STRANGE"

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

AN unusual and attractive thing about Mr. Philip Mackie's *The Whole Truth* at the Aldwych is that it produces a sense of personal involvement in its action. We can easily put ourselves in the place of the suspect. His private life is a little less blameless than our own, as a well-to-do film producer he has opportunities to be more dashing-ly romantic than we can ever hope to be; all the same he manages to establish a kinship which we all too rarely feel for stage suspects.

CAUGHT in a cleverly laid trap, he is as boldly frank as we like to imagine that we also would be in such a fix. At the same time, he sees quite clearly the strength of the case against him and is filled with an almost comic despair as he sets about breaking it down. Running over in his own mind the statement he has just made to the police, he tells himself, "You are obviously lying. I don't believe a word of it." Yet the statement is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, as he knows it.

The predicament in which the comfortable worldling finds himself has been rather ingeniously contrived. He is at first under the impression that he has been deluded by a bogus policeman into believing that his mistress has been murdered about the time that he was paying her a clandestine visit. When the woman turns up for dinner as his wife's invited guest he

is not only surprised but angry; for alarm lest he should be suspected of her supposed murder has caused him to make a clean breast of the affair to his wife. His wife is loyal, but naturally she is a little hurt, and the dinner-party founders on the first dry Martini.

NOW the actual stabbing to death of the mistress as she flounces out to her car brings in the police. They find it hard to credit his account of the bogus police visitor. The suspect trusts simply to frankness, scraping his memory for odd details which might add verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative. He tries to be completely objective. He points out that, incredible as the mysterious visitor may be, the police will not be able to disprove his existence if they cannot find him, and the doubt will tell in his favour. The police find him simply by ringing up a man of the name given in the telephone book, and the suspect finds that he is up against a most accomplished liar.

The only hope left him is that even the most accomplished liar may make some trivial mistake. If a single wrong detail in his accusatory story can be detected, the whole story falls to pieces.

UP to this point the play holds the stage remarkably well, but there is still an act to go, and the third act is dangerously weak. It has been strengthened since its first performance; but it still seems rather a pity that both the detective-inspector and the criminal should lose patience with a problem that promised to turn out as ingenious in its way as *Dial M for Murder*. The criminal becomes altogether too active and the inspector drifts sleepily into almost criminal inaction. However, the clues that were finessed prematurely on the first night are now played correctly, and with the backing of two highly enjoyable acts the third looks like passing muster.

The piece calls for good team work, and gets it. Mr. Ernest Clark is most sympathetic as the sensible man of the world treating an abnormal situation as sensibly and as humorously as he can. Miss Sarah Lawson is perfectly right as the naturally loyal wife who hardly knows what to believe, but hopes for the best, in spite of the immense strain put upon her good nature as the skein unravels.

MR. LESLIE PHILLIPS lies with an effortless ease which helps to give the play stage plausibility, and Miss Faith Brook is brightly odious as the mistress, so sparing us undue bewailing after she has been brought to her premature account.



IN CONSULTATION: Brett (Arnold Bell) and Deenie (Ellen Blueth) discuss the strange happenings at the house with a gloomy satisfaction



Armstrong Jones

COVENT GARDEN TO VIENNA

Professor Rafael Kubelik, who became Musical Director at the Royal Opera House this year, has been given special leave to conduct several performances of *Aida*, at the Vienna State Opera, flying frequently between that city and London, where he is conducting *Othello* and *The Bartered Bride*. On January 19th he is to conduct at Covent Garden a performance of *The Magic Flute*, celebrating Mozart's bicentenary, which the Duchess of Kent and the Austrian Ambassador will attend. Professor Kubelik, a Czech, is aged forty-one

London Limelight

Fr. Wolfit at the door

DONALD WOLFIT has always been one of those Great Actors who seem to revel in doing everything the hard way. His *Lear* is a mighty achievement, a giant's effort which is unsurpassed, for he alone of our contemporaries possesses the immense reserves required to keep the graph of tragedy curving to a final peak.

As a rule, he has scaled these heights unaided; where most climbers would have elected to rope themselves to competent escorts, Mr. Wolfit has lugged his pedestrian companies up his chosen mountain by sheer dominance of his personality.

With *The Strong Are Lonely* he has changed methods, for his fellow-players

are true supporters, but his choice has fallen upon an account of Jesuitical horror in Paraguay 200 years ago.

The all-male cast have to display the torturing of a man's soul for metaphysical reasons in an obscure corner of the historian's notebook. Not the easiest of tasks if the evening is also to provide entertainment.

Yet there is an inexorable fascination in Fritz Hochwalder's unfolding of this tragedy.



Ernest Milton, a representative of religious authority, and Donald Wolfit, a churchman with a mission, in *The Strong Are Lonely*

As the head of his community, whose earthly success is displeasing to Spain and to Orthodoxy alike, Mr. Wolfit is entirely credible. His fall and his struggle with the twin pillars of conscience and loyalty is just as Herculean as is proper to drama. If I suspect that Mr. Wolfit revels in this exhausting mastery, I mean no disrespect, for no one else can approach his commanding zeal in matters like this.

His aides quit themselves manfully. Mr. Ernest Milton, as the arch-Jesuit of them all, has a role which for once fits the ripe Stilton flavour of his acting, and Robert Harris very nearly humanises the King of Spain's emissary. Derek Oldham, deprived of a song, makes a genial Dutch Old Master, and David Oxley, as the Church Militant, suited both spurs and cassock.

The play is scheduled for a brief period only: those who are looking for a thought-provoking evening should visit the Piccadilly as soon as maybe.

—Youngman Carter



THE "BIG TOP" INSPIRES ITALIAN FILM MAKERS

THE ROAD is based on the story of the everyday life of a strolling fairground strong man, a little waif who accompanies him, and a clown who befriends her. It is proving an outstanding film in the post-war Italian tradition of poetic realism which the Italians have made peculiarly their own. Left: Richard Basehart as the strong man, and Giuletta Masina as Gelsomina, the exceptional quality of whose performance has a disturbing poignancy. The film is at the Curzon

At the Pictures

JOHANN NEEDS THE SCISSORS

WHILE Bizet's *Carmen* tells an essentially timeless story which, as we saw in *Carmen Jones*, can even profit by translation into a modern idiom; Johann Strauss's *Die Fledermaus* is strictly a period piece, belonging to no other age than its own. Messrs. Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, with a daring that amounts to downright folly, have tried to bring it up to date and, from every point of view, including the international-political, have failed.

Their adaptation of the gay little old light opera, coyly renamed *Oh, Rosalinda!!* has Vienna during the Four Power occupation as its setting.

The Bat is Viennese and is smoothly played by Mr. Anton Walbrook, a sort of elderly "wide boy" who delights in elaborate practical jokes, organises parties with the enthusiasm and flair of Miss Elsa Maxwell, and generally makes the best of four worlds.

THE joker Eisenstein (Mr. Michael Redgrave) is a merry French colonel with a ravishing wife, Rosalinda (Mlle. Ludmilla Tcherina). Alfred (Mr. Mel Ferrer) is an amorous U.S. Air Force captain whose unusual brand of love-talk—"Hi-ya, Skinny!" and "Crazy teeth you got, grandma!"—apparently appeals to Rosalinda. The policeman who arrests him in mistake for Eisenstein is a British major (Mr. Dennis Price)—and the gentleman who gives the masked ball is a Russian general (the admirable Mr. Anthony Quayle). The plot, you will have gathered, is the tangled frivolity it always was.

Everybody in Vienna, down to the last lady's maid (charming Fraulein Anneliese Rothenberger), appears to have a wonderful time: they laugh, they sing (frequently with borrowed voices) and quaff champagne by the jeroboam. The costumes are colourful and lovely—with the exception of a negligé worn by Rosalinda: midnight-blue lace plus-fours, topped with a small, off-the-shoulders bathing tent in the same material. The whole production, designed by Mr. Hein Heckroth, is as rich and ornate as a wedding-cake.

But, oh dear—what's this? An asp in

the confectionery? The picture turns out to have A Message. Suddenly putting off his roguish, *bon-viveur* mien, Mr. Walbrook solemnly tells the Four Powers that Vienna has had enough of them: it's high time they went home. As they have already gone, this is surely a singularly pointless piece of incivility. It is entirely out of key with everything that has gone before and merely serves to hold up still further the happy ending, which is, anyway, an unconscionable time a-coming. Out with your scissors, Messrs. Powell and Pressburger—and snip, snip, snip.

"COCKLESHELL HEROES" tells the true story of ten Royal Marines who, after intensive training in the arts of canoeing and attaching limpet mines to ships' bottoms, paddled their kayaks into Bordeaux



Mel Ferrer and Ludmilla Tcherina
in the sparkling, gay *Oh, Rosalinda!!*

harbour and blew up all the Nazi shipping lying there.

It was an heroic exploit which only two of the men involved survived. It is an exploit, though, which I would rather read about than see reconstructed on the screen. Since the operation was carried out in complete darkness, it is scarcely an ideal subject for a film. The introduction of enough light to allow the camera to function and the audience to see what is going on destroys the illusion of reality. Mr. José Ferrer, directing, has kept the action as dark as he could—dark enough, I may say, to

give me eyestrain—but somehow it's never quite convincing.

Mr. Ferrer plays the major who conceived the canoe idea and trains his saboteurs on unconventional lines. He wears throughout a look of gloom which makes one wonder how on earth he ever got into the Jollies.

MR. TREVOR HOWARD is the adjutant, a strict disciplinarian who despises his superior officer ("He doesn't know King's Regulations from the telephone directory," he says bitterly), but loyally co-operates with him to the death. It is an excellent performance.

The training sequences, with a good deal of happy horse-play among the men and a little restrained friction between the officers, make the beginning of the film far more interesting and exciting than the ending—though this, the actual carrying-out of a suicide job, should have been overwhelmingly dramatic. I don't think this can be blamed upon Mr. Ferrer's direction, which is competent if not very inspired. It's just that the story belongs in history rather than in the cinema.

IT seems that no Western is complete these days without an introductory song, sung by a choir of cowboys from across the Great Divide. *Wichita* has one, of course. "Nobody Fooled with the Marshal of Wichita—and To-day It's a Very Nice Town," it says. Glad to hear it. It certainly was the dickens of a place when Wyatt Earp first arrived in Kansas. Hordes of cowboys, maddened by long sojourns on the lone prairie and a steady diet of nothing but baked beans, would ride into town, whooping fit to scare an Injun, and shoot-up everything in sight. So the citizens appointed Earp (Mr. Joel McCrea) marshal. Mr. McCrea looks kinda cosy—but boy, does he know how to deal with them bad hombres!

I like a good, old-fashioned Western and I enjoyed this one—though it still beats me that only the marshal can shoot straight.

—Elspeth Grant



Television

HOSTS AND HOSTESSES



ONCE upon a time, at "Ten Cents a Dance," there were dance hostesses. To-day a new breed of television hosts invite us to look in or to look out. Richard Dimpleby, for example, presiding over the B.B.C.'s "Panorama," bids viewers share his "Window on the World." In the "At Home" series, he offers us a peep through the TV screen into the houses of the great. Dimpleby has taken us on visits to the Duke of Norfolk, Field-Marshal Montgomery, and the Archbishop of Canterbury (in the B.B.C.'s most remarkable accidental scoop for years).

A newer B.B.C. host, Hywel Davies, to-night invites us to call on Humphrey Lyttelton, whose distinguished family must be startled by the trumpeter in their midst. Hywel Davies's call on Mrs. Pandit in the Indian Embassy was a model of the kind, thanks to both parties. Berkeley Smith took us most congenially the other day to call on Foxhunter and Lt. Colonel Harry Llewellyn among their trophies at Llanvair Grange, Abergavenny.

I.T.V.'s Frank Owen pays more informal "Personal Calls" on such celebrities as Hermione Gingold, who provided hospitality, and the ubiquitous Lady Docker. On Friday week he invites us to meet Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert.

HOSTESSES are rarer, and the one "with the mostest on the ball" is clearly Jeanne Heal. In "Meet Jeanne Heal," (should it not be "Jeanne Heal Meets"?) I have seen her introduce us with equal poise and charm to an aggressively polygamist misogynist, to the chic and adventurous Mme. Jacqueline Auriol, or to three little schoolgirl daughters of D.P.s from Poland and Latvia.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart

PETER FINCH and KAY KENDALL, in a film version of the successful stage comedy *Simon and Laura*, play the turbulent theatrical couple who appear in a daily television series as the ideal married couple—a role they find it impossible to play in real life

The Gramophone

THE BLAZING TRUMPET

A MID-WESTERN daily paper expressed the opinion of Bix Beiderbecke, when he died in August 1931 at the age of twenty-eight, that—"Bixie" will be forgotten as quickly as the popular songs he played. . . . How wrong was this well-intentioned obituary notice, for Beiderbecke has become a legend in the story of jazz. To-day collectors, not yet born when Bix died, buy and argue over his records, and those who knew him still speak of his amazing musicianship and personal qualities.

"Salute to Bix" has just been released. Here are ten numbers recorded in 1927, 1928 and 1930, in which Bix Beiderbecke is featured.

SUCH old tunes as "Louisiana," "You Took Advantage Of Me," "Mississippi Mud," "Changes," "Mary," "From Monday On," "San," "There Ain't No Sweet Man That's Worth the Salt of my Tears" were all made with Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra, which included many of the leading jazz players. On all but "San," Whiteman's original Rhythm Boys supply vocals with, of course, the young Bing Crosby adding snatches of unmistakable solo work.

To complete this L.P., Bix is heard with Hoagy Carmichael and his orchestra in Hoagy's own "Georgia," and "Bessie Couldn't Help It." Hoagy Carmichael sings both vocal refrains, and it is a point of added interest that these two titles are two of the last records Bix made; they are therefore perfect examples of the way he was playing at the end of his all-too-brief career. It is rare to-day to find such a collection of stars of jazz on one recording. Here, indeed, is a worthy "Salute to Bix." (H.M.V. DLP 1106.)

—Robert Tredinnick

JACK BUCHANAN, as Uncle Charles, relates the story of his niece Josephine's romantic machinations to Henry, the club barman, (Victor Maddern) in *Josephine and Men*. This delightful comedy is produced by John Boulting and directed by Roy Boulting, and is in Eastman Colour





Lady Nell Harris, Miss Carol Ball, Mr. Paul Nicholson and Mr. Peter Le Marchant sat in the front row for the cabaret.

Below: Miss Sarah Chester Beatty, Col. P. Williams and Mrs. J. Ward

At bottom: Mr. A. Webber, Mrs. F. J. Strallon and Mr. M. Lewison



Mr. John Farmer, the ball secretary, and his assistant Miss Ann Shipton, were turning the drum containing raffle tickets

A GREAT BENEFACTRESS HONoured WITH GAIEty

Sir Cullum Welch, chairman of the Hospital, and Lady Cynthia Colville, chairman of the ball, were receiving the guests



Lady Elizabeth Lindesay-Bethune was trying a pullover on Mr. Angus Anderson



Miss Jane Dunphie and Miss Priscilla Johnson were trying a competition based on the names of Crimean War hospitals

THE shade of Florence Nightingale, in her younger days an enthusiastic dancer, must have looked with entire approval on the happy throng who attended the ball in aid of her own hospital in Lisson Grove. This most successful event at the Park Lane Hotel was marked by outstanding side-shows and tombola, and a midnight cabaret which included stars from *Salad Days*

Miss Margaret Gilder and Mr. Gordon Pears were studying the programmes, which contained a page of famous recipes.



Desmond O'Neill

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pownall were delighted with their tombola prize chicken



The Hon. Mrs. F. H. Lowry-Corry, Mr. Christopher Murray, Mr. Henry Douglas-Pennant and Miss Avril Tremlett

Miss Jane Darwin, secretary of the ball junior committee, Miss Jenny Elwes, and Miss Angela Fane were all selling programmes



Standing By

GOOD FOR WOOFLES

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

LAUDING a recent Queen Hermione in *The Winter's Tale* at the Old Vic for insisting on a banished 9-lb rubber baby to weep for, instead of the customary 2-lb celluloid one, a critic seemed to us to be boring the populace profoundly. Had he suggested, instead, a long-overdue twist in the play itself . . .

Consider, whites, how much more brutal King Leontes' order to Antigonus in Act II would sound after a little judicious revision:

*We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This beastly little Woofles hence, and bear him
To some remote and desert place . . .*

Woofles should be a miniature poodle or Scottie, and of course a real one. Rubber doggies serve the Drama pretty well but do not howl convincingly enough, in our experience, at big moments. New curtain-lines, Act II:

ANTIGONUS: *Come, poor Woofles!
Some powerful spirit instruct the
kites and ravens
To be thy nurse.*

WOOFLES: *Yeee-AOW! Yeeeee-AAAOW!*
(Exit Antigonus, in tears, carrying Woofles.)

You say continuous public emotion would hold up the play. Very well, hold up the play. Or even better, finish the play then and there by letting Antigonus carry Woofles on again. Remorse and collapse of Leontes, banishment revoked, Woofles feted and adored. Or even crowned? All right, crowned. (End.)

Grandma

NEARLY ninety years ago there was a classic murder-trial in Scotland in which a beautiful young sweetheart accused of poisoning her lover was released by the verdict, peculiar to Scots Law, of "Not proven." (This, a Middle Temple boy

tells us, means "Not guilty, but don't do it again.")

A criminologist recalling this case recently failed to mention a piquant little anecdote in Somerset Maugham's diaries about a man who got to know a dear old lady of 80 in the country—this was a long time ago—and had gradually-growing suspicions, finally disposed of quite frankly by the old lady herself. "I did it," she said, "and I'd do it again." Which shows, unless we err, a typically feminine obstinacy, equalled only by that of a dear old lady we met in the country who had tried at least three times, as the whole village knew, to get rid of her aged mate with weedkiller; in fact, every time she climbed on the county-town bus, an annual event, the locals began shaking the mothballs out of their Sunday blacks. "She'll get 'un yet," they said to each other happily in the Blue Pig bar. But he was too tough for Grandma.

Meditations prompted by a mellow little piece in one of the women's weeklies about a rustic Grandma knitting placidly at her cottage-door and dreaming of past happiness. Or equally (we thought) future happiness, such as plunging those needles suddenly into a passing friend. Don't our inky girls learn any of the Facts of Life?

Clash

"BEG for your life!" snarled Dr. Richard Mead, most eminent of 18th-century London physicians, after disarming his enemy Dr. Woodward in a brisk rapier-duel. "Never, till I'm your patient!" gasped Dr. Woodward from the ground. A dainty professional crack which every client of Harley Street will esteem, we dare aver. Good for you, Doc.

We looked up this historic affair after perceiving (with disgust) the mincing kid-gloved manner in which the sons of Hippocrates conduct a quarrel nowadays in print,



instead of fighting it out like men. And what more easy? Challenges could be published weekly in *The Lancet*. E.g., from the Surgical Section:

RUBBER GLOVE thrown down herewith by Sir Chopworth Slicer, calling out Lancet Looley of 467 Wimpole Street. Fix your date, Looley, this boy is ready for you.

SLASHER JOE of Welbeck Street: Mr. J. H. Carvewell of 345 Harley Street will take you on by appointment any morning next week, Putney Common, 5 a.m. (Hacksaws barred.)

This last proviso would be permissible because the choice of weapons lies with the person challenged, and a great deal of awkward cutlery is naturally at his disposals. For the regulation *procès-verbal* to the Press afterwards the formula would be: "A satisfactory operation was performed, the temporary patient fighting back with desperate skill but succumbing at length to a neat tracheotomy." No offence intended, but eyebrows raised, and plenty.

Dilemma

OR, Plaintive Cry of Gentleman in Quandary, inspired by Recent News-Item Concerning a Sweetheart who Will Shortly Figure as Britain's Magazine-Cover-Girl No. 1, Owing To Her "Well-Scrubbed Look."

*Phyllis is exquisite—but O, the sneers
When gentlemen inspect behind her ears!
Chloe is rather like a blonde hyena,
Far less engaging, but a whole lot cleaner;
Cupid, assist me! Should my final hope
Depend on gifts of sweets, or gifts of soap?*

BRIGGS . . . by Graham



A ROYAL ADMIRAL DINES

H.R.H. Prince Philip, Admiral of the Royal Motor Yacht Club, arrives for the club jubilee banquet and ball at the May Fair Hotel. It was the club's fiftieth anniversary. Earl Mountbatten, its Vice-Admiral, was also present



Air Cdr. W. Helmore, writer on aviation, was talking to Mrs. N. Woodrow



Miss Joan Nye in conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Garth Magraw

Miss Joan Brown being escorted to the cabaret by Mr. Peter. Rose



Mr. and Mrs. T. K. Culpan were among the guests at this event



DRAGON MEN ASHORE

The Dragon class of the Solent Division gave a dinner and dance at the Hyde Park Hotel, augmented by many guests from other divisions. Below: Lt.-Cdr. Graham Mann, R.N., sailing master of the Royal Dragon Blue-bottle, was partnering Miss Pamela Whillis



Major Nainby-Luxmoore, Mrs. Nainby-Luxmoore, Mr. John Raymond, Captain of the Dragon class, and Mrs. Raymond

Mr. Jonathan Janson was having a word with Mrs. Santa Raymond

Miss Elizabeth Dawson and Mr. Trevor Glanville, the helmsman



Priscilla in Paris

TRIBUTE TO A GREAT LADY

"SHE was so very kind!" These words were on everybody's lips all day.

Probably they will be uttered whenever Mme. René Coty's name is mentioned. They were said first by the early morning workers who listened to the 6.30 news as they dressed. When I took the dog down a little after seven I heard them from every acquaintance I met: from the lady, in curl-papers and slippers, who was taking down the shutters of the little shop where—when more suitably clad—she sells knitting wool and embroidery silks; from the laundry hand who was delivering a finely-pleated surplice at the bishop's palace round the corner; from the *agent de police* who was slipping a ticket under a wind-screen-wiper, and from the baker, who called up to me through the grating of his cellar that smelled lusciously of hot *croissants*.

We all went on our various ways sadly as we thought of the elderly husband faced with the cares and difficulties of his official position—that have never been more odiously Herculean than at present—and whose misery must be intensified because he cannot be alone with his aching heart.

MAURICE UTRILLO's funeral was as blessedly unofficial as any official function can be. Inevitably there were personages, and personages must always make speeches, but they were very discreet about it. Lucie Valore's "child-husband" would have approved of their terse sincerity. All the great artist's old cronies were present. His lifelong comrade, the painter Edmond Heuzé, whose father had wanted him to be a tailor and who is now a member of the Institute of France; Francis Carco and Roland Dorgelès of the Académie Goncourt, and the art critic André Warnod.

Every dweller in the "village" of Montmartre was present, from the Mayor to the little drummers in their striped pants and revolutionary eighteenth-century caps. The lads know how to handle their drumsticks and their muffled drums accompanied the slow trampling of the hundreds of feet on the cobblestones leading not to the basilica, but to the little church of St. Peter of Montmartre and the tiny, countrified cemetery of St. Vincent. Looking beyond the shoulder-high wall of the cemetery, from the spot where Utrillo is buried, one can see the famous cabaret of the Lapin Agile that—in common with every artist who has ever set foot on "Mont Martre"—he has painted so often.

THE Montmartre of the painting world has been described by many, but never, I think, quite so comprehensively as by André Warnod. Under the title *Fils de Montmartre*, he has given us a volume of delightful souvenirs of some very youthful bachelor days—and nights—on *la Butte* before he exchanged his pencils and brushes

BALLET SETTINGS and costumes are to-day greatly superior to those of the theatre, a fact brilliantly illuminated in *Modern Ballet Design*, by Richard Buckle (A. and C. Black; 30s.). From it are taken the illustrations here, all from the works of French artists. Above: a sketch by Carzou for Act I. of *Giselle*; below, Ethery Pagava in *Tragedy in Verona*, designed by André Delfau, and (opposite page) a design for *Carmen*, by Antoni Clave





for an authoritative and witty pen. There are some more adult afternoons—and evenings—that take one all over Paris and include another Mount, that of Parnassus. The book is illustrated with hitherto unpublished drawings by Picasso, Modigliani, Dufy, Vertès, Segonzac, Steinlen, Sem, Fougita, and many others too numerous to cite, as well as some enchanting pen-and-ink sketches by André Warnod himself. (Arthème Fayard is the publisher.)

PREMIÈRE of the week took place at the Théâtre Antoine. It was the homecoming of *Anastasia*, a dramatic play by Mme. Marcelle-Maurette that has been played all over the world and in every language, including American at the Lyceum Theatre in New York, where it is still running, and English at the St. James's, London, in 1953.

Mme. Marcelle-Maurette has given us several successful historical dramas, and this pathetic, thrilling—one might also say "suspenseful"—story of the Grand Duchess Anastasia, youngest daughter of Tsar Nicolas II, who, we are asked to believe, escaped from the massacre of the Imperial family in 1918, is an admirably constructed and most plausible affair. We are quite willing to believe anything that Mme. Marcelle-Maurette suggests; besides, with Pirandellesque machiavellianism, she allows us to form our own conclusions.

I am all for the wench having been of true blue blood, but I do sympathise with the way she plumped for a he-man and a nice, easy slum in the land of her birth, after having sampled the etiquette, high heels, gold-plate and princely and other aspects of life in exile. It is easy to try to be funny about these things when writing about them next morning, after *café au lait* and toast, but I vow that I sat through the play, taut with excitement and my handkerchief at the ready.

IT is beautifully produced. Décor by Wakhevitch and incidental music by Georges Auric. The acting is outstanding. It will be difficult to forget Lucienne Bogaert in the role of the Dowager Empress. The part of *Anastasia* is played by Juliette Greco; it was her first straight part.

Four or five years ago her picture appeared on this page. A long-haired, heavy-fringed girl in a shabby, high-collared jumper. She was beginning to be noticed as a singer in the "cellars" at St. Germain des Prés. A year later she had reached stardom in cabaret and music hall. Now she is successfully playing lead with Bogaert. Heaven knows where she will stop, but we hope the Comédie Française will not reach out too quickly.

Oufs aux nus . . .

● Small child, the first time it is introduced to a scrambled egg: "Don't like! Want it sitting in cup with its coat on!"



THE METROPOLITAN OPERA, New York, opened its seventy-first season with *The Tales of Hoffmann*, in French. Its general manager, Rudolf Bing, formerly Edinburgh Festival director, is seen above congratulating Lucine Amana, of San Francisco, on her performance



Miss Dorothy Morrow, debutante daughter of Mrs. Golda Morrow, entering the foyer



Lord and Lady Ogilvy with Mr. Lewis W. Douglas, former U.S. Ambassador to Britain

Patrice Munsel, who sings at the Metropolitan in Mozart, with her husband, Mr. R. Schuler

Robert Merrill, the baritone, who later sang in Verdi, was accompanying Mrs. Merrill



"THE PAINTINGS OF BREUGHEL" (Phaidon Press; 42s.), in a complete edition by F. Grossman, has many fine coloured and monochrome plates made from unretouched photographs, taken after the recent cleaning of most of the pictures. Right: "Landscape with the Fall of Icarus"

Book Reviews

by

Elizabeth Bowen



A MASTER OF SURPRISE

L. P. HARTLEY, who gives us *A PERFECT WOMAN* (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.), is the most quietly startling of our novelists—that is to say, one of the most original, most sure in his hold on the theme he tackles, and, at the same time, least ostentatious. He employs no showy literary tricks; his style is orderly, civilised, reassuring. One feels immediately intimate with his characters, whose adventures, experiments, errors, triumphs become no less real to one than one's own.

But this is not all—far from it. This author's fame by no means rests upon his convincingness. The fact is that, lulled by his calm technique, the reader is led towards startling scenes. Before one knows the trap is sprung, one is face to face with the awesome.

This was so, you will recall, with *The Go-Between*—most highly acclaimed and, I fancy, most widely read of the novels of 1953. *The*

Go-Between has as successor *A Perfect Woman*—whose title surely should be enough to rivet the inquisitive to its pages. Who, and still more what, is to be this paragon? Only towards the end are we to see (along with Isabel Eastwood) how deep the irony bites.

Superficially, the subject of this latest Hartley novel is the impact of a celebrity (literary) on a somewhat hide-bound middle-class household. Mr. Hartley, however, goes in deeper. He shows what a frail defence, against the extremes of life, most people's conventionality is. The sobriety, the propriety of the Eastwoods, vivid, ardent Isabel and her husband Harold (a hitherto blameless chartered accountant) were, actually, hanging upon a thread. Alec Goodrich, meandering novelist, snipped that thread by entering their lives.

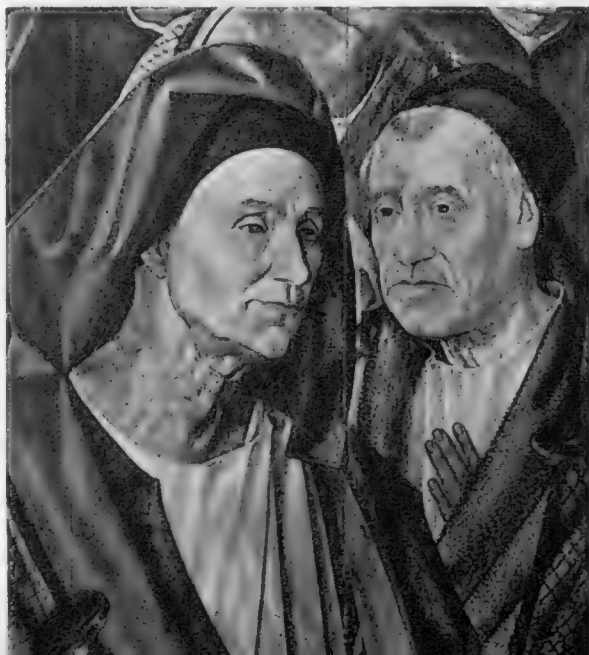
ALEC GOODRICH, like all other novelists and, so far as I know, most other people, was in the throes of income-tax trouble when he chanced, on a train, to fall in with Harold—specialist in the handling of relief claims. Harold takes on the literary chap's affairs, and so encouraging is the outcome that he is sent, by the grateful Alec, a number of other distinguished clients. Friendship, or at least an attempt at a friendship, follows.

Harold, returning home wide-eyed from Alec's Welsh home, tells all to Isabel. This wife of his is a woman who, in dedicating herself to the making perfect of what might have otherwise been but a tepid marriage, has sealed down the possibilities of her own temperament. The Eastwoods dwell in a cosy, picturesque but socially rather poky small ancient town in the South

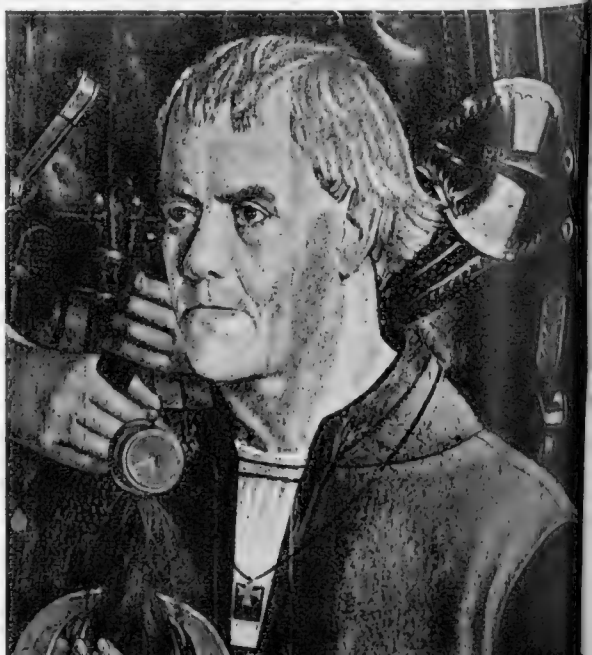
of England, left inland by the receding sea.

Their house, called Tilecotes, makes one of an uphill, more modern colony. Their children are two, Jeremy and Janice. A return visit by Alec Goodrich to the Eastwoods at Marshport becomes due, and Isabel cannot help wondering how the set-up is going to strike the novelist.

DOES a woman wish to find herself "in a book"? Most do. The scene where Isabel reads Alec's manuscript (unbeknown to him) is for her a terrible turning-point. The novelist shows up badly; his more limited small-town friends do not. In fact, the two Eastwoods gain in stature and mellow in comprehension of life, each other and themselves. It's Mr. Hartley's triumph that he has shown this couple without, on the one hand, caricaturing them (Harold's primness, Isabel's affectations) or, on the other, idealising them unduly. *A Perfect Woman* is, above all, a story which needs for its



"NUNO GONCALVES" (Phaidon Press; 42s.), an impressive account of the altar-piece of St. Vincent by the great fifteenth-century Portuguese painter, is by Reynaldo dos Santos. Taken from it are (left) "Two fishermen wrapped in nets" and (right) "Don Fernando, 2nd Duke of Braganza."



telling vision and balance: both have been granted. Outstanding as characters are the Eastwood children, lynx-eyed young watchers whose commentary on grown-up doings is not always well-timed.

A MURDER IN PARADISE, by Richard Gehmann (Peter Davies; 15s.), is not, as its name might suggest, a detective story. It is an analysis, social and psychological, of a real-life case—a violent crime which in 1950 horrified America, though it was possibly less well known to us. A twenty-four-year-old young man, Edward Gibbs—son of a respectable, well-to-do home, student at a respectable, well-known college, killed a harmless, cheerful girl, Marian Baker. *Why?*

Here, in one sense, was no mystery: Gibbs confessed. But psychological mystery lay deeper—there was—or appeared to be—no “story.” Marian Baker worked in the treasurer’s office of the college; she and Gibbs, up to the fatal day, had known each other hardly more than by sight. Not a hint of romance had appeared between them (she was, in fact, engaged to another man) and only chance—his being unexpectedly at a loose end—led young Gibbs, meeting Marian in the street, to invite her out on the fatal motor drive. No sexual attack preceded the crime. The youth simply killed: he killed and could not say why. The outward motivelessness of the crime led psychiatrists and others into a deep search for what could have been its interior motivation.

How far, and if so in what way, was Gibbs “a case”? Should or should not the insanity rulings (which in America are the same as ours) have been stretched to cover him? *Should* he have gone, as he did go, to the electric chair? Was this an instance of what Scottish law defines as “diminished responsibility”? Did his home environment, his education and his reactions to it, or his war record offer any clue? America’s interest in the case was serious, just as much as sensational—for here was a youth who had shown himself, up to the very day of his dreadful act, in many ways an average young man. How could the clear, blameless pattern of middle-class American life have produced what was, it now seemed, a monster?

The “paradise” of the title means, in fact, the “ideal community” which found itself the setting of the horror. Lancaster, Pennsylvania, old as small American cities go, is pleasant, prosperous, law-abiding. The effect of the shock of the crime on every single citizen went deep: Mr. Gehmann has studied it. Yet *A Murder in Paradise*, I feel certain, is important not only for the American reader. This case parallels several which, in Britain, we have had to face ourselves. Those who followed the proceedings of our own recent Royal Commission on Capital Punishment, or who read the report the Commission presented, will be struck by the relevance of the Gibbs trial to much psychiatric evidence which was heard. Right is right, wrong is wrong: nothing changes that—yet the question of what *is* guilt—is it always simple?

(Continued on page 584)

Three-Pointed Star, by David Scott-Moncrieff, with St. John Nixon and Clarence Paget (Cassell; 25s.), will hold the interest of all motoring enthusiasts, for it contains the history of the great Mercedes-Benz cars from the struggles of the early pioneer up to the all-conquering Mercedes racing cars of to-day.



THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY of *The Horseman's Year*, edited by Lt.-Col. W. E. Lyon, was marked by a cocktail party given by Collins, the publishers, and Col. Lyon in St. James's Place. It was attended by many noted figures of the Horse Show and hunting world. Above: Lt.-Col. Lyon with Miss Pat Smythe

Mr. John Hislop, the racing correspondent, Mrs. Hislop and Mr. H. Philips

Mrs. Terence Kilmartin was chatting to Mrs. W. E. Lyon, wife of the Editor



Mr. Frank Gilbey having a word with Mr. Lionel Edwards, the sporting artist

Gabor Denes
Miss Stella Walker, Mr. V. S. Summerhayes and Mr. J. A. Allen at the party

THE OLD CROCKS RACE, in progress on the Brighton road. An airborne patrol helicopter hovers overhead looking for bottlenecks, while a 1900 Martini passes a 1902 Century Tandem in the Perpendicular style



Motoring

by

Oliver Stewart

CURBING THE RACERS

COMPROMISES are not much to the taste of the French, and consequently the proposals that have been made for trying to keep the Le Mans 24-hour event a race without permitting the cars to go too fast met with little success on the other side of the Channel. If it was a race, fast cars must be allowed to enter and they must be allowed to go fast. That was the view. Nevertheless, the Automobile Club de l'Ouest was compelled to take action after the disaster.

So far, I am still awaiting the Club's official statement; but from what has been published in the newspapers it appears that, although prototypes are still to be admitted to the entry list they are to be of restricted engine capacity, while the test of whether other cars may be entered will be whether they are in "production" (as defined by the F.I.A.) or not.

THE more we look back on the

Le Mans crash, the more it becomes clear that it was a piece of exceptional bad luck. But it emphasized the lesson first learnt at Farnborough that when pieces of machinery are moving at extremely high speeds, these rare pieces of bad luck must be taken into account by the organisation. Modern cars and aeroplanes store so much energy through their speed that they can no longer be allowed to move on trajectories taking them near large assemblies of spectators without all possible safeguards.

It seems that the new Le Mans regulations will do little damage to the prestige of the race, while they should somewhat increase the safety of the spectators. But let us never forget that, as the notice on

the back of your ticket says, "Motor racing is dangerous," and that means for the spectators as well as for the drivers. In spite of all these things, I do not expect to see any reduction in the popular appeal of Le Mans.

A NOVEL survey of the London Motor Show was undertaken by Imperial Chemical Industries and I have recently received the conclusions. It was concerned with colour trends, and the first thing it showed was that black is declining in popularity. In 1953 and 1954 about 11 per cent. of the cars exhibited were black, but in

1955 the percentage had dropped to 8. Of British-made cars, only 4½ per cent. were black. Pastel shades and "duo-tones," as they are called, both showed a large increase in popularity.

Among the pastel shades green increased in popularity from 9 to 13 per cent. and grey dropped from 19 per cent. to 16. Beige metallic and green

metallic gained in favour, but blues were down from 36 to 22 per cent. The analysis is concluded with a page of colour statistics. As in the past, I have made slightly disparaging remarks about the power of colour schemes to influence sales, I was glad to have this evidence that, whatever the effects of new colour schemes upon the buyer of a car, there is no lack of enterprise in devising them and applying them.

At the time of the Royal Automobile Club's commemoration run of veteran cars from London to Brighton, I promised to take an early opportunity of referring to the event in more detail. It was perhaps the most successful run of the



series and my impression (and I accompanied the veterans for most of the way) is that the R.A.C.'s estimate of two-and-a-half million spectators might well have been near the mark. It is the most popular motoring event in the calendar.

The first surprise was that, when I arrived in Hyde Park well before seven o'clock in the morning on Sunday, I found a really big crowd of spectators already there. And the eastern pavement of Westminster Bridge was lined with spectators by the time the first cars left (at 7.30 a.m.). I suppose the inherent comedy of the veteran run is what mainly attracts, and this comedy—let us admit it—is heightened by the desperate seriousness of most of the participants.

Technically, the variety of ideas and the ingenuity of many of the designs are arresting. Epicyclic gearboxes, De Dion rear axles and hosts of components now common can be seen in their early development periods. Dr. Lanchester introduced disc brakes in 1903 (but I did not inspect Mr. Hutton-Stott's 1903 Lanchester to see if this had them). In the event it was found that the disc brake could not be made effective in those days because of the lack of suitable friction material. Do not let us forget, however, that the idea was there.

De Dions were in force. Sir Alec Coryton's 1902 De Dion Bouton was driven this year by Mr. F. H. Bowyer, who has taken part in many of these runs, while Sir Alec himself was driving Sir Stanley White's 1903 Panhard-Levassor. Mr. Wilfrid Andrews, chairman of the R.A.C., was once again driving his 1901 Benz (see the admirable Nockolds painting in the Club) and Mr. Bennett was in his famous Cadillac.

SIR MILES THOMAS was the guest at the first of the Royal Automobile Club's winter dinner-parties. Sir Miles is always in the news, but on this occasion his remarks were listened to with special interest because of all the excitement about the vast orders that have been placed by American aircraft operating companies for the new Douglas and Boeing jet transport aircraft. Sir Miles does not expect to see these aircraft operating regular Atlantic services until well into the 1960's, and he is confident that B.O.A.C. will be competitive with its Britannias and its Comet 4's.

There is a case for the long-range Britannia against the faster American turbo-jets, for it will almost certainly provide more comfortable travel across the Atlantic. It will work at a somewhat lower level and although it will cruise at about 150 miles an hour lower speed it will (in the long-range version) always have ample fuel margins for stand-off or diversion. And we already know that it is the quietest aeroplane ever built—partly because of the small amount of residual jet thrust used and partly because the jetscrews are so slow turning (less than 1000 r.p.m. when cruising).

The Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation took the chair at the dinner but was called away early on his Parliamentary duties and Mr. Andrews then took over. It was an occasion when we were able to learn much about British aviation's future prospects on the world routes.

ABOUT TURN

*The more that I see of these winkers
I find that I like them the less.
I now write them all off as stinkers
Instead of a signal success.*

—Prendergast

A SANDOWN MEETING

THE most exciting finish to be seen on any racecourse for some time took place at the Sandown November meeting, when six horses were together at the last fence of the two-mile Littleworth handicap steeplechase. The winner was Glenmade, followed by Rosenkavalier and Manuscript



Capt. T. Hanbury's Mercury IV, with T. Molony up, being led in after winning the Novices Steeplechase



Lady Ursula Vernon and her husband, Major Stephen Vernon, over from Eire

Lady Petre and A. Freeman who came in second on Crown Lands in the Waterloo Novices hurdle race

Mrs. R. Emery, wife of the steeplechase jockey, with her two-year-old son Freddie, at his first race meeting



A. V. Swaebe

Mr. G. H. Sheppard, Mr. D. G. Sheppard (handicapper) and Mrs. G. H. Sheppard racing on the first day

Miss Virginia Gaselee and Mrs. Edward Paget were at the paddock marking their cards



OUT OF THE PRAM INTO THE PARTY

THE party season is advancing fast and nursery wardrobes must be stocked in readiness. The dresses we show combine enchanting prettiness with stern practicality. All have good, deep hems and other facilities for letting out and letting down, all can be washed—so chocolate and jam can be enjoyed with impunity.

—MARIEL DEANS



The dress above, shown in two aspects, is of white organdie with a pretty blue ribbon sash. It comes from Harrods



Left: This pink dress of Swiss organdie is edged with lace and smocked all over the bodice which is also embroidered with blue flowers. Sleeveless and quite low necked it has a very Early Victorian look. Treasure Cot have it in stock



The brunette lady above wears a pink printed nylon dress trimmed with white lace and blue shoulder bows. It, too, comes from Harrods

From a charming collection of party frocks at Debenham & Freebody. *Left:* This hand-made white organdie muslin dress is trimmed with Valenciennes lace. *Right:* cream coloured broderie anglaise with blue satin sash and hand whipped organdie frill edge

[Continued
overleaf



1

*More social occasions
for the youngest set*

- 1 This pretty little white silk smock is worked and edged with blue. It comes from Treasure Cot, Oxford Street
- 2 Two dresses made of embroidered Swiss organdie. The left is white with scarlet poppies. Marshall and Snelgrove
- 3 The right-hand dress is white embroidered with pink roses and blue forget-me-nots. Marshall and Snelgrove
- 4 An all-wool cream-coloured delaine frock beautifully hand-smocked in scarlet. Fortnum and Mason have it
- 5 A coral-coloured wool dress smocked with white and with a white organdie collar and cuffs. From Fortnum and Mason

2 and 3



Clayton Evans

4

5





RIPPLES FOR TOWN RIBS FOR COUNTRY

HERE is a dress that combines two classic favourites—the little black afternoon frock and easy-to-wear wool jersey. Designed by Holyrood, this dress with its long, well shaped bodyline, high neck and full pleated skirt, worn with a pretty hat, can go triumphantly to a luncheon party or cocktails, yet you can wear it under a heavy knit cardigan for cold mornings in the country. It costs 6½ gns. and is stocked, together with jacket and hat, by Dickins & Jones, of Regent Street. Right: Holyrood's delightful heavy knit ribbed cardigan with its row of buttons and wide, squared-off collar is reminiscent of an old-time golf jersey. Photographed in cherry, it comes in other colours, too. Price £4 17s. 6d. Below: This clever little hat, a copy of a Gilbert Orcel model imported from Paris, is made of fine honey coloured melusine folded and twisted with true French chic. In several other colours, too, £3 19s. 6d.



John French



CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

by Mariel Deans

A convenient little
hammock for
motoring or
travelling. Price
£1 2s. 6d. It is
stocked by Harrods



Lennis Smith

For the contemporary baby

WHAT to give young friends for their babies is sometimes rather a problem. Yet the shops are full of fascinating things from which to choose. Here are a few which may give you some ideas for Christmas

— JEAN CLELAND



Left: Enchanting feeding set with matching tray. Price £1 15s. 6d. from Harrods

Above: For difficult feeders. One spoonful for the clown and one for the child. Woollands, 12s. 6d.



Above: The "Flik-foll" baby chair (in cream, blue or pink). Opens and shuts with a flick of the finger. Harrods, £4 19s. 6d.

Right: Special shrink-resisting white matinée jacket in Baldwin and Walkers Dylan-labelled "Babyship" wool



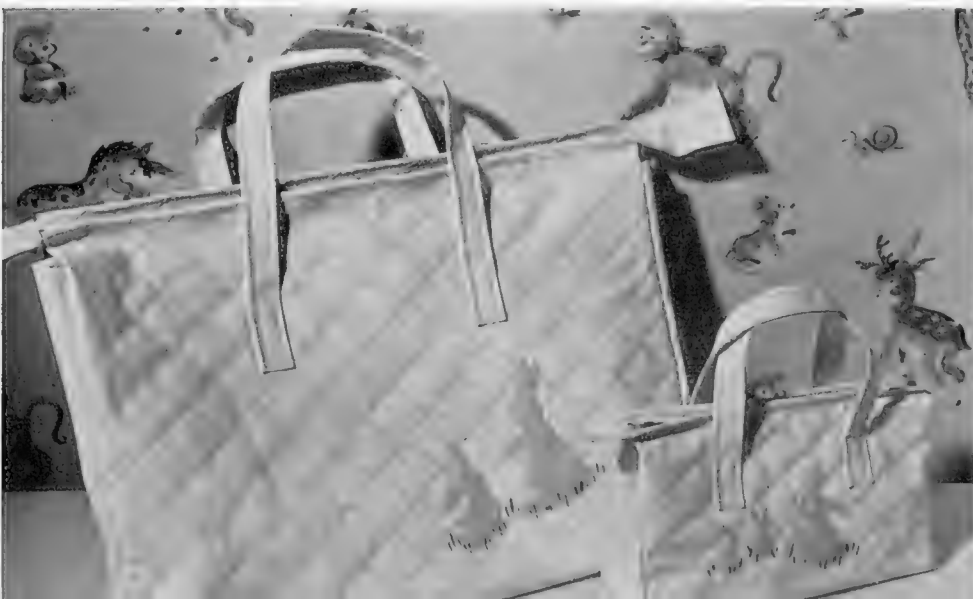
Above: Child's set in blue and white, lined yellow. Price £1 7s. 6d. from Helen Andrew

Right: Terylene pillow, £1 5s. Dainty nylon pillow case, £1 4s. 9d., from Harrods



Above: For winter days this cosy little muff. Price £1 5s. 5d. It can be obtained at Harrods

Right: An attractive nursery set. Nappy bag, £1 19s., with toilet bag to match. 13s. 6d., from Harrods



Beauty

Refinements of control

MOST people, in these enlightened days of beauty culture, are familiar with the simple everyday methods of caring for the skin. Beyond this, however, there are a number of problems which cause them anxiety and confusion.

I get a number of requests—verbally, or by way of letters—asking for advice on how to treat various conditions which do not follow the normal, simple pattern. A complexion, perhaps, that is too sensitive to respond to the usual creams and lotions. Relaxed pores, crêpy neck, fine wrinkles round the eyes, or a persistent little patch of small pimples. These things can cause a lot of worry, and sooner or later comes the *cri de coeur* "What shall I do?"

You can be quite certain that with the advance of science as regards beauty preparations, there are cures for most of these ills. The problem lies in finding just the right treatment for your particular case. What might be excellent for one, is not necessarily so effective for another. To get the best results may take a little time and patience, but it is worth it in the end.

ESPECIALLY must I stress the word "patience," for this above all things is the determining factor when it comes to treating the looks and improving the appearance. To imagine that any beauty preparation, however good, can perform a miracle in a night, or even a week, is sheer nonsense. You may, if the trouble is not too deep-seated, see an improvement in a few days, but this is only the beginning. To get lasting results, you must be prepared to carry on and put in some daily "homework." It may be only a few minutes night and morning, or it may be a little longer. In any case, it is not so much the length of time, but the *regularity* that counts.

In an article of this kind, it is not possible to go into too many fine distinctions as regards the treatments available for various problems. All I can do is to give a general outline of the best course to follow.

Let us suppose that you have a skin of the ultra-sensitive type that becomes easily irritated. Ordinary methods of cleansing and nourishing do not seem to suit it. Obviously then, you must find one of the more delicate means of dealing with it.

Cleansing the dry sensitive skin. If you find that washing is the method



that suits you best, then you must take great care in choosing your soap. Suitable ones for the purpose are Coty's Avocado Soap, which is described as "baby bland," super-healing, and rich in vitamins, or Yardley's Oatmeal Soap, to be followed by a second cleansing with their Dry Skin Cleansing Cream.

Nourishing. For this there is a wide choice of creams specially designed to suit the specially dry and sensitive type of skin. Richard Hudnut makes a rich lubricant called "Creme Superbe." "Nutrix" made by Lancôme is something else well worth trying. This revives and softens the skin and also acts as a balm; it gives protection against the cold, wind and sun. A wonderfully soothing preparation is Elizabeth Arden's "Eight-hour Cream," invaluable for a skin that has become irritated; or if there are any flaky patches, there is the Ardena "Healing Cream." Bland and antiseptic, this provides a quick way of clearing up the trouble.

FFOUNDATIONS. Since the extra sensitive skin is in special need of protection, the right foundation cream is of great importance. One that comes very readily to mind is Richard Hudnut's "Basic Dew," a creamy liquid foundation containing just enough delicate emollients to keep dry, fine-textured skin soft and dewy under powder.

Crow's feet and fine wrinkles round the eyes are provided for by using preparations that have been created for this particular purpose. Daily applications of an anti-wrinkle lotion made by Helena Rubinstein usually prove extremely effective if used regularly. If you want a quick pick-me-up before going out to a party, I would suggest Arden's "Anti-Wrinkle Cream." This is intended as a really speedy refresher, and is *not* a bedtime treatment. Apply it while having your bath and dressing for dinner, but do not leave it on overnight. Those who find that wrinkled eyelids are their special problem, should try an anti-wrinkle cream called "Adieu Rides" made by Lancôme, which is quickly assimilated by the very fine skin round the eyes, on the eyelids, and on the temples and forehead.

OPEN pores. These can occur in either a dry or greasy skin, and should be treated accordingly. Brisk patting to stimulate the circulation is a necessary part of the treatment for refining this relaxed type of skin, which should also be given regular applications of appropriate preparations. Helena Rubinstein makes two varieties which are very useful for correcting the trouble. One is a Herbal Skin Tonic for refining the pores in a dry or normal skin. The other is a Refining Lotion for correcting coarse pores and excessive oiliness. For those cases where the skin is just lethargic and relaxed, good results can be obtained with Guerlain's "Circulation Cream," which, based on special vitamins, thoroughly stimulates the circulation and gives renewed life to the skin.

For a face that is slack and inclined to droop, nothing is better than one of the excellent "Uplift" preparations now on the market. These have a firming effect on the muscles and, used regularly according to directions, "lift" the face in a remarkably effective way. Three which are all proving extremely popular for this purpose are Helena Rubinstein's "Contour Lift Film," Elizabeth Arden's "Firmo-lift" and Yardley's "Captive Beauty."

—Jean Cleland

CAP AND SCARF designed by Thirkell of Bond St. goes well with a sparkle in the eye. Obtainable from most leading stores. Price approx. £1 ls.



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★ *Schweppervescence lasts the whole drink through*

THEY ARE ENGAGED

Miss Alison Brown, younger daughter of Mr. Alan Brown and stepdaughter of Mrs. Alan Brown, of Foswell, Auchterarder, is to marry the Hon. Henry Keith, son of Lord and Lady Keith of Avonholm, India Street, Edinburgh



Pearl Freeman

Miss Anne Cathrine Simpson, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Simpson, of Seeley's Orchard, Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire, who is to marry Mr. Thomas Fermor Godfrey-Faussett, the son of Col. and Mrs. Peter Godfrey-Faussett, of Little Hadlow, Hadlow Down, Sussex



Fayer

Miss Rosemary Anne Alston, the only daughter of Major and Mrs. E. R. M. Alston, of Whitehead's Grove, London, S.W.3, is engaged to marry Mr. Nicholas J. A. Throckmorton, the eldest son of the late Captain Herbert Throckmorton, R.N., and Mrs. Throckmorton



Fayer

Miss Dawn Dalrymple, daughter of Lt.-Col. W. G. N. H. Dalrymple, of Elliston, St. Boswells, Scotland, and Mrs. Benson Greenall, Upper Brook Street, London, W.1, is engaged to Mr. Peter Methuen, elder son of Lt.-Col. L. Methuen, O.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Methuen, of Kensington Close, London, W.8, and Seaview, Isle of Wight



Lenare

Miss Gillian Mary Skepper, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Skepper, of Avenue de Madrid, Neuilly-sur-Seine, France, has announced her engagement to Mr. George Adrian Hayhurst Cadbury, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Cadbury, of The Davids, Northfield, Birmingham



Anthony Buckley

Miss Shirley Ann Mackenzie, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Holt Mackenzie, of Wheatley Street, London, W.1, and Angmering-on-Sea, Sussex, is engaged to Lieut.-Cdr. L. F. Coulshaw, R.N., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Coulshaw, of Bernersmede, Eastbourne



Long—Troidahl. Mr. Robert Long, son of Lt.-Col. R. A. Long, of Barnstaple, Devon, and Mrs. A. M. Long, of Sudborough, Northants, married Miss Angela Troidahl, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Troidahl, of Burnopfield, Co. Durham, at St. James's Church, Burnopfield



Baillie—Newgass. Captain Peter Charles Baillie, the Life Guards, son of the late Brig. the Hon. Evan Baillie, M.C., and of Lady Maud Baillie, C.B.E., Ballindarroch, Inverness, married Miss Jennifer Priscilla Newgass, daughter of Mr. H. R. Newgass, G.C., of Seaborough Court, Beaminster, Dorset, and of Mrs. J. C. Budd, Tattingstone Park, Ipswich, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

THEY WERE MARRIED



Tomkins—Benson. Mr. Edward Emile Tomkins, of H.M. Embassy, Paris, son of the late Lt.-Col. E. L. Tomkins, and of Mme. Jean Watteau, of Paris, married Miss Gillian Benson, daughter of Mr. C. E. and Lady Morvyn Benson, of Woodside House, Chenies, at the Church of Our Lady Help of Christians, Rickmansworth



Beevor—Bedford-Roberts. Mr. John Rowland Beevor, of Eaton Mews South, S.W.1, son of Mr. M. Beevor and the late Mrs. Margret Beevor, of Welwyn, Herts, married Miss Fenella Sybil Bedford-Roberts, younger daughter of Brig. and Mrs. J. G. Bedford-Roberts, of Yeomans Row, S.W.3, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Wheatley—Chaplin. Mr. Robert Wheatley, of Eccleston Square, S.W.1, son of the late Canon S. W. Wheatley and of Mrs. Wheatley, of Rochester, Kent, married Miss Camilla Mary Chaplin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vere Chaplin, of Clipsham House, Oakham, Rutland, at St. Mary-le-Strand, W.C.2



**Specialized sizes
for the
small lady**

A suit in grey-black and
white fancy tweed
trimmed black
Persian lamb.
5' 2" and under
in hip sizes
34, 36, 38, 40. **16 gns.**

Debenham & Freebody
WIGMORE STREET, W.1.

BINING OUT

Buffet de Luxe

A BUFFET lunch can be a very uncomfortable affair. You walk about picking up a bit of this and a bit of that, probably dropping them on the way, and stand about balancing a plate in one hand and doing your best to eat with the other, among a throng of people trying to do the same thing, so that it is quite a pleasure when it comes to an end. On occasions the buffet may only consist of sandwiches, which certainly give less trouble and cause less bother to the consumer.

A remarkable exception was the buffet lunch given at the Hyde Park Hotel by Silva & Cosens, port wine shippers of long standing. Another famous name in port joined the firm in 1868 in the person of George Acheson Warre. This family has been in the firm ever since, Francis Warre being the present chairman supported by Major Anthony Warre, M.C., and Bill Warre. In 1877 they incorporated the famous firm of Dow & Company.

Not only do they know a vast amount about port and other wines for which they have agencies, but they also have the right idea on how a buffet lunch should be organized. It was a very fine affair indeed. The *smorgasbord* table was a magnificent sight and a fitting tribute to members of the Swedish Embassy who were present; the fish table consisted of cold lobster, salmon mayonnaise, fillets of Dover sole in aspic and in profusion; on the meat table were breasts of Surrey chicken, York ham and ribs of roast beef, while in the loggia there were the fine English cheeses, Stilton and Wensleydale, and two from France, Brie and Camembert, all in prime condition.

Dow's Douro dry white port (chilled) was served as an *apéritif*. There was Aquavit with the *smorgasbord* and some appropriate wines at the remaining tables, such as 1949 Château Olivier at the fish table and 1937 Château Smith-Haut-Lafitte, Martillac (Louis Eschenauer) on the meat table, and, of course, Dow's Port with the cheese—1927, 1934, 1947, the 1927 being at its peak condition.

The great point was that you could eat in comfort because there were large numbers of tables and chairs provided and the whole affair went off in peace, calm and pleasure for over two hundred guests, most of whom were connected with the wine trade or interested in promoting its sale.

All three members of the Warre family were there to greet their guests who included the Earl of Westmorland, the Portuguese Ambassador, Mr. Christopher Soames, Sir Denys Lowson and Mr. T. Kingsley Collett; also present was Maurice Symington, another famous name in port, who controls the Oporto side of the business; this was a particular pleasure to me because many years ago we were at the Oratory together.

The general manager of the Hyde Park, "Tom" Sawyer, and his chief of staff, Ronald Massara, could be seen here, there and everywhere, taking good care that everything went on oiled wheels.

YET another pleasant occasion during the same week was a lunch given by Arthur Lyons, managing director of Curtis Distillery, to Major Francis Cunynghame, who has recently published his reminiscences, and who entertained us with some more that did not appear in the book. Peter Owen, who published them, Jack Finney, M. Jean Blaise, managing director of the company who market Chartreuse on behalf of the jolly monks who make it, and Mark Gilbey, who is their agent over here and who is also interested in Wolfschmidt Vodka, which is now being made and marketed in England, were others there. Also present was Mr. George Gulley, urbane editor of a most entertaining quarterly *The Compleat Imbiber*, which is concerned almost exclusively with the joy to be obtained from intelligent drinking and eating.

The lunch took place in the beautifully panelled dining room at 20 Hertford Street, the panelling having come from Rye House, near Hoddesdon in Hertfordshire, which once housed "The Great Bed of Ware."

We had Vodka Martini, Château Margaux '47 and Dixon's Double Diamond with the cheese because of Major Cunynghame's family connections with this excellent port. The Chartreuse came at the end. Mark Gilbey mixed us an "Episcopal," invented by the Bishop of Grenoble somewhere round about 1860, being two-thirds yellow Chartreuse and one-third green, the green being highly potent of 96 degs. proof. I am told it consists of the blending of 130 different kinds of herb with a grape brandy base.

— I. Bickerstaff



Ivon de Wynter

LEO, manager of L'Aperitif Grill, Jermyn Street, since 1936, started in 1914 at the old Pall Mall restaurant in Haymarket. He went to Claridge's under Charles, then served in the Royal Norfolks in World War One. Before L'Aperitif he was manager at Quaglinos

DINING IN

Wine in the kitchen

WE are often chided for not using wine in our cooking, as the Latin peoples do. But then, wine is produced in their countries and not for some centuries in ours, which explains the fundamental reason for our lack of, let us say, enterprise. Then, of course, there is the rather heavy duty, though the least expensive table wines are perfectly good for most dishes.

But once a young cook has experimented with wine in the kitchen, she will be so delighted that she will become a devotee.

Let us not forget our own cider. In many dishes where white wine is suggested, dry cider can be used instead. And, thinking of Christmas cookery, why not a boiled ham finished in the oven with cider basting?

Start with a good quality ham. Ask the dealer how long it should be soaked (he should know). Cover with cold water, leave for the required time, then wash and scrub it well. Place in a large cooking vessel with cold water to cover and, if you like, add a generous *bouquet garni*. Bring to the boil, skim, then reduce the heat so that the water barely moves. Allow twenty minutes to the pound. Leave in the stock until lukewarm, then skin the ham.

Place in a roasting tin and make shallow cuts, lattice fashion, on the surface of the fat. Stud each "diamond" with a clove, sprinkle with Demerara sugar and pour a good breakfastcup of cider into the tin. Bake for about 45 minutes in a hot oven, basting the ham with the cider from time to time.

Or, instead of cider, use half a bottle of Madeira. To the residue in the tin, add a little of the ham stock to make a thinnish clear sauce, then just enough arrowroot, blended in a little water, to give the sauce a feeling of richness without thickening it.

I HAVE already given the recipe for *Jambon Mode d'Ici* (or *Jambon à la Crème*) which the late M. Bergerand of L'Etoile Restaurant in Chablis gave me. It is this: For 6 to 8 persons, boil together $\frac{1}{2}$ pint inexpensive Chablis, 1 to 2 chopped shallots and, if available, a sprig of tarragon, until reduced by about two-thirds. Add 1 pint rich seasoned stock from veal or poultry bones and 2 to 3 tablespoons tomato purée. Simmer until reduced to a good cupful, then add an equal amount of double cream and simmer again for a few minutes.

Meanwhile, cut fairly thin slices of the cooked ham and rest them in some of the hot stock. Drain and place in a heated entrée dish. Stir a walnut of fresh butter into the sauce, strain it over the ham and the dish is ready to go to table.

Few soups benefit by the addition of wine, but both turtle soup and a good strong consommé glow when sherry is added. Let us not, however, follow the Victorian habit of pouring it in at table, because that chills the soup. Instead, add it at the last minute and heat through again before pouring the soup into the tureen.

FOR a buffet party, I can think of two sweets which never pall: A perfect English trifle, laced with plenty of good sherry, and chilled Zabaglione.

For this, allow 4 eggs for 3 servings and, for each yolk, a half eggshell of Marsala, Madeira or dark sherry, a teaspoon of sugar and a pinch of salt. Beat all together in a bowl, then rest it over hot water in a pan. Whisk until the mixture rises to about three times its original bulk. One word of warning: If the water boils and touches the bowl, only a genius could prevent the eggs from scrambling.

Place the bowl in a largish one. Add cold water to reach about one-third up, then fill in around with ice cubes from the refrigerator. Continue to whip until the Zabaglione is cold, then beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint double cream until the whisk leaves a trail when you lift it. Pour into glasses and chill.

I ought to add that the cream is an "extra." If the Zabaglione is to be served hot, none is required.


— Helen Burke

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THE FAST CRUISER FINISTERRE, a full page illustration from *The Yachting World Annual, 1956* (Iliffe, 30s.), a square meal of sailing literature, plans and prospects which comes at exactly the right moment to restore the spirits of the winter-bound yachtsman

Book Reviews [Continuing from page 564]

Story for teenage daughters

PANTOMIME CHRISTMAS, by Hilda Hewett (Dent, 9s. 6d.), is an enthralling juvenile novel. The central character being a girl, boys may not care for it so much—though no true pantomime-lover may long withstand it. Karen Carr, a strong-minded little school-girl, has grown up (that is, to the age of twelve) far from the theatre and its bright lights. A fantastic series of chances—no one of them, all the same, quite impossible—lands Karen up on the famous boards of a Bath theatre, playing Jill to the Jack of a popular child star.

For Karen, the pre-Christmas season has opened glumly—Mother called urgently away, Karen stranded with Cousin Kate in unknown London. Knightsbridge, to the lonely newcomer's eye, seems to be singularly devoid of children. But Cousin Kate, among other avocations, plays the piano at a juvenile dramatic academy in the West End, and Karen happens to go along with her—with fateful results. Mr. Bernstein's "Jill" has gone down with measles, and he is looking for the required stand-in: dark-haired, not too tall, and able to sing.

FOLLOWING this unforeseen career, we have a unique picture of pantomime from the inside. Also Miss Hewett gives us, in Betsey-Jane, a memorable and convincing "stage child"—also known to thousands upon the screen, and a deep-dyed little professional from the cradle. Capricious, generous, and during first night nerves all but impossible, blonde Betsey-Jane ("Jack") is well-worth knowing. Altogether this is a cosy book, with enough crises to keep excitement going. Terence Freeman's drawings are—with one horrid exception on page 25—an addition. *Pantomime Christmas*, I feel sure, should go high up on the list for your junior book shopping.

One of the most fascinating sports books of recent years, *CORINTHIANS AND CRICKETERS*, by Edward Grayson with foreword by C. B. Fry (Naldrett Press, 21s.), tells the story of the relationship between cricket and Association football, the famous players and clubs, both amateur and professional, covering a century of sporting progress.

To catalogue the immense amount of information and pleasure in this book would be impossible. Well planned, and profusely illustrated with many hitherto unpublished photographs, it recalls the halcyon days of our great national games and portrays them refreshingly.

Appreciative reference is made to the Argonaut Trophy, offered by The TATLER, and competed for annually by amateur clubs which would not normally take part in competitive football.

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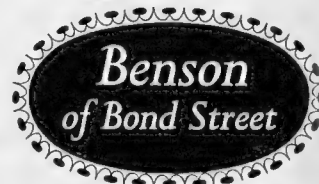


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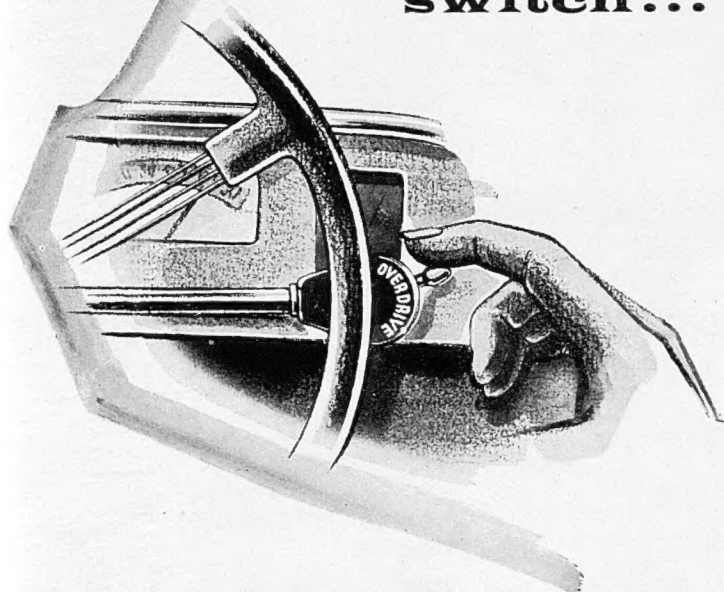


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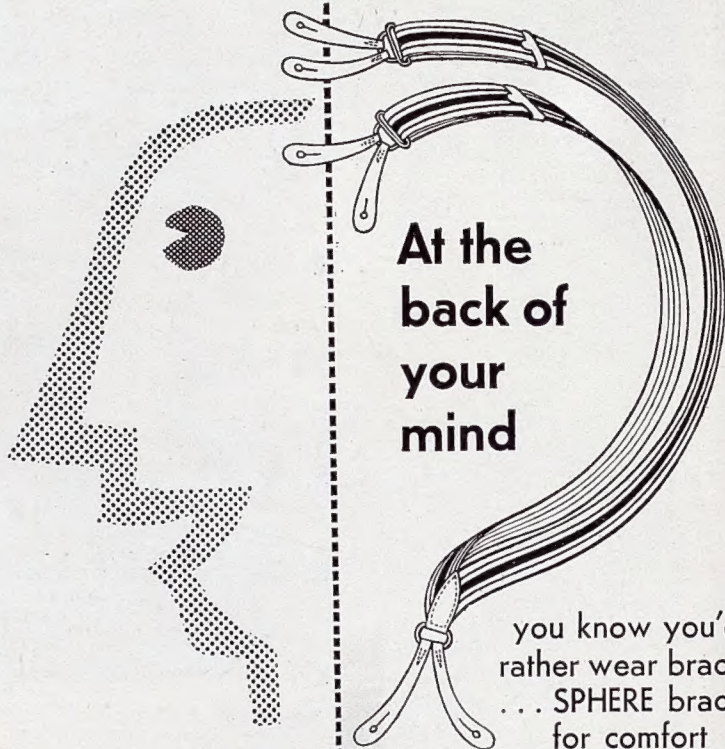
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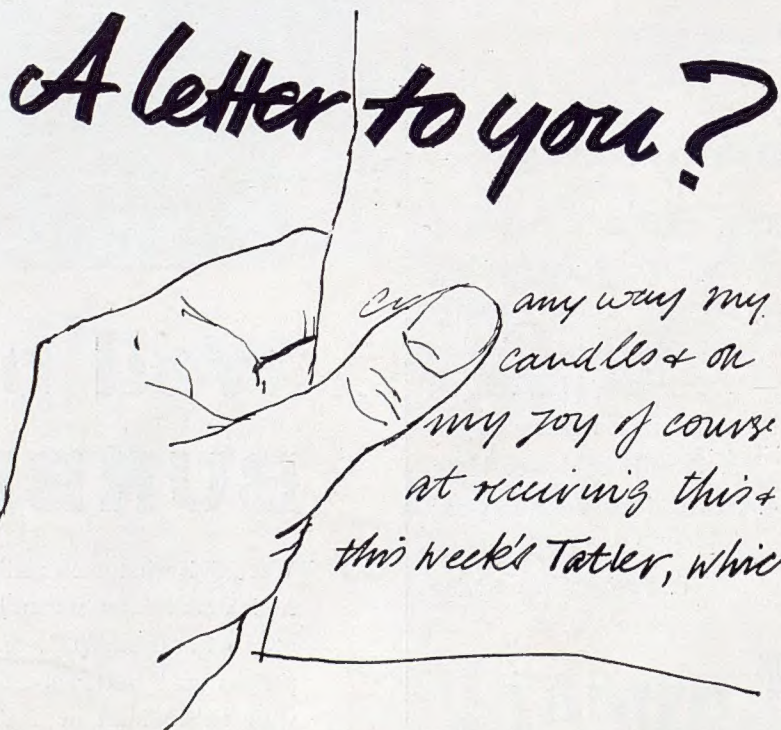
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